

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

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CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

EDITORIAL.

WHILE the works of Charlotte Brontë created a profound sensation in the reading public, her sad life and early death called forth an equally wide-spread and enduring sympathy in her behalf. This sympathy has at once heightened the admiration felt for her genius, and also disarmed criticism, if not of its power, at least of its disposition to exercise that power.

We have not space for a detailed narrative. Nor do we design a critical review. In fact, a few fragments, culled from such sources as may be at hand, is all we shall attempt.

HAWORTH.

This is a secluded village among the hills of Yorkshire. Keighley, about twelve or fourteen miles from Leeds, is its railroad station. From this it is about three miles distant, and reached by a road which forms a dreary prelude to the more dreary home of the Brontës. To this spot pilgrims now come from all parts of England and the continent, and from our own country, to pay their homage at the shrine of departed genius. Not Shakespeare's Stratford on Avon, nor Burns's cottage home on the "bonny banks of Ayr," are more devoutly visited than gloomy Haworth. We avail ourselves of the notes of one of these pilgrims:

"It was on a soft, gray Sunday morning in the middle of August that we set forth on our pilgrimage. Immediately on leaving Keighley we began to toil along the road which, by an almost unbroken ascent, leads to Haworth. At every step we took we seemed to be leaving in our rear all that was pleasant and cheerful; the hills on either side becoming more and more destitute of trees; more and more brown in color,

while the hedges which had hitherto bounded the road, were exchanged for stone dykes, with no soft covering of moss to conceal their nakedness, and affording no little crannies where flowers might take root, no coigns of vantage wherein birds might nestle and sing.

"If it had not been for the continuous line of small houses stretching along the highway, and the villages clustered on the hill-sides, with the sturdy towers of their churches rising above them, the sense of desolation and want of finish, so to speak, in the scenery would have been painfully oppressive.

"For some two miles or so before arriving at Haworth, the village is visible from the road, and a very eagle's eyrie it looks, perched up on the moors, rising dun and somber behind it.

"A melancholy home, in truth, for a spirit like Charlotte Brontë's, must have been that dreary Haworth parsonage; no trees sheltering or shrouding it, and yet all pleasant views shut out; nothing visible from its windows but the desolate-looking, walled-in garden, with one stunted lilac-tree in the middle of it, along its walls a row of thorn bushes, and beyond, the wide, crowded church-yard encroaching more and more upon the grim, silent moors, crossed often, as on the day we were there, by fitful gleams of sunlight or by wreaths of mist, more welcome because partially concealing their harsher features and somewhat softening their dreariness. Whether the home may have looked more cheerful in poor Charlotte Brontë's lifetime we can not tell; nothing, however, can be more desolate and forlorn than the aspect which it wears at present, the garden entirely neglected, no gentle hand to tend its flowers; the little gate leading into the church-yard blocked up with a rank growth of grass and weeds; the windows of the house partially closed with shutters; no signs of life or cheerfulness about it externally."

EARLY CHILDHOOD OF THE BRONTE FAMILY.

Charlotte Brontë was born April 21, 1816. There were six children in the family, of which Charlotte was the third. The six were born within seven years. From the mother they inherited sickly and nervous constitutions; from their father, morbidly-acute but ill-balanced minds. "A good old woman," says Mrs. Gaskell, "who came to nurse Mrs. Brontë in the illness—an internal cancer—which grew and gathered upon her not many months after her arrival at Haworth, tells me that at that time the six little creatures used to walk out, hand in hand, toward the glorious wild moors which in after days they loved so passionately; the elder ones taking care of the toddling wee things."

"They were grave and silent beyond their years; subdued, probably, by the presence of serious illness in the house; for, at the time which my informant speaks of, Mrs. Brontë was confined to the bedroom from which she never came forth alive. 'You would not have known there was a child in the house, they were such still, noiseless, good little creatures. Maria would shut herself up'—Maria, but seven!—'in the children's study with a newspaper, and be able to tell one every thing when she came out; debates in Parliament, and I do n't know what all. She was as good as a mother to her sisters and brother. But there never were such good children. I used to think them spiritless, they were so different to any children I had ever seen. In part, I set it down to a fancy Mr. Brontë had of not letting them have flesh meat to eat. It was from no wish for saving, for there was plenty and even waste in the house, with young servants and no mistress to see after them; but he thought that children should be brought up simply and hardily: so they had nothing but potatoes for their dinner; but they never seemed to wish for any thing else; they were good little creatures. Emily was the prettiest.'

"Mrs. Brontë was the same patient, cheerful person as we have seen her formerly; very ill, suffering great pain, but seldom if ever complaining; at her better times begging her nurse to raise her in bed to let her see her clean the grate, 'because she did it as it was done in Cornwall,' devotedly fond of her husband, who warmly repaid her affection, and suffered no one else to take the night-nursing; but, according to my informant, the mother was not very anxious to see much of her children, probably because the sight of them, knowing how soon they were to be left motherless, would have agitated her too much. So the little things clung quietly together, for their father was busy in his study and in his

parish, or with their mother, and they took their meals alone; sat reading, or whispering low, in the 'children's study,' or wandered out on the hill-side, hand in hand."

Even in their early childhood an unnatural, not to say diseased activity of the brain was manifested in these preternaturally-developed children. They seem to have been utterly neglected by their father, so far as any personal attention was concerned. After the death of the mother Miss Branwell, the mother's sister, became the housekeeper at the parsonage. She was a kind, strict, housewifely old maid, ever mortally afraid of catching cold, and who could not regard without dread the inhospitable northern moors. Sad home, and sad pupilage! It was enough to derange even a sound and healthy temperament. The father dined by himself; the six children ate their potatoes by themselves, and either sat in their "study"—they never had a nursery—where the eldest, just seven years old, read the newspaper and gleaned the political intelligence, or they wandered hand in hand to spend hours on the moors. Their bodies were played tricks with, but not their minds. There was no tampering with the intellect—that was left to develop as it might, under nature's influences. Feeble health made them precocious; each child was a phenomenon. They had no notion of play; they never made a noise; their amusements were intellectual speculation; their interests those of the great outer world, wars and politics, warriors and statesmen. It was an education, so to call it, fatal to that just balance of powers which constitutes happiness, and dangerous to principle; but, considering their peculiar organization, fostering the intellect. Nourishing food, tender maternal watchfulness, the attentions and cares of the nursery, plenty of playthings, and the little lessons said as a task each day, would have made happier and better women; they could afterward have taken their place in life without shyness or reserve; and the brother might have grown into a man, not sunk, after a boyhood of extraordinary promise, into a brute. But on the mere question of genius we should have missed some of Currer Bell's most vivid scenes; there probably would have been no Currer Bell; nor should we have had in their infancy six little sages rivaling their seven predecessors of Greece.

Within four years of the mother's death the eldest two of the sisters died of a consumption, and thus Charlotte became the head of the family among the children.

BRANWELL.

Pursuing his systematic course of neglect, the father left Branwell, his only son, to grow up

and form his character as he might. His wreck, ruin, and early death was the first great crushing sorrow that fell upon the heart of the sister. In his boyhood he "shared his sisters' literary tastes and aspirations. They wrote tales, dramas, and poems together. At the age of nineteen he sent one of the latter to Wordsworth, with a request for his judgment expressed in really eloquent terms, and conveying at once a sense of his own powers, and a modest deference to the great poet's award, whatever it might be, which make us grieve the more for the wreck of his later years. The seclusion of their life had an exactly opposite effect on the brother and his sister; they grew preposterously shy and bound to home; he longed for the world he was shut out from with a sort of mania; he actually studied the map of London till he knew his way through its labyrinths better than any cockney."

Thus left to himself what wonder that the poor boy—with a weak nature—soon fell into dissolute habits! These became more and still more depraved, till scarcely a shred of manhood and not one redeeming feature were left. Of the grossest vice he was guilty, and to crown his very wickedness he was unblushing in his shame. For three years he was the blighting curse and shame of the family. "He was idle; he drank; he degraded himself with vice; he insulted their ears by infamous confessions, and made them familiar with the foulest blasphemies; he stupefied himself with opium; they lived in terror of their lives, from his threatened violence; their home was miserable, their nerves and health shaken; and yet they endured his presence, not in hope of reclaiming him, but in simple endurance, without, it seems, a wish or thought of emancipation."

"Jane Eyre" is published. It takes the public by storm. Its author visits London and is made known to her publishers. The applauses of the world fall pleasingly upon her ear. It is a delightful episode in a sad—very sad life. But it soon ends, and she returns home to write: "Branwell is the same in conduct as ever. His constitution seems much shattered. Papa, and sometimes all of us, have sad nights with him. He sleeps most of the day, and consequently will lie awake at night. But has not every house its trial?"

Two months later, after three years of outrageous conduct, during which all respect seems to have been thrown aside, he died. She records that—

"His mind had undergone the peculiar change which frequently precedes death, two days previously; the calm of better feelings filled it; a return of natural affection marked his last mo-

ments. He is in God's hands now, and the All-Powerful is likewise the All-Merciful. A deep conviction that he rests at last—rests well after his brief, erring, suffering, feverish life—fills and quiets my mind now."

THOUGHTS OF AUTHORSHIP.

"These sisters," says the Christian Remembrancer, "had early conceived the ambition of being heard and felt beyond their own narrow circle. Cut off by constitution and circumstances from the pleasures and distinctions natural to their age, and yet conscious of power—which can not be felt without a longing for its exercise—to invent, to write, and to print, were inevitable ideas. The habit of 'making out,' as they call it, that is, letting the imagination loose to devise plots and scenes, had been theirs from childhood. They had long indulged these notions and discussed these fancies, at the one period of the day when, casting aside household cares and restraints, they assumed their own wild natures, and thought their natural thoughts.

"It was the household custom among these girls to sew till nine o'clock at night. At that hour Miss Branwell generally went to bed, and her nieces' duties for the day were accounted done. They put away their work and began to pace the room backward and forward, up and down—as often with the candles extinguished, for economy's sake, as not—their figures glancing into the fire-light and out into the shadow perpetually. At this time they talked over past cares and troubles; they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. In after years this was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. And again, still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon the "days that were no more."

JANE EYRE.

The "Professor," the first literary production that Miss Brontë offered for publication, was declined. The reasons assigned by the publishers were "lack of startling incident" and "thrilling excitement." Conscious of inward strength, of genius within her that could come forth, she deliberately sat down to write a book that publishers would publish and that the popular taste would approve.

"Jane Eyre," says the biographer, "was begun under the additional anxiety of her father's threatened blindness. She had accompanied him to Manchester, where the operation for cataract was successfully performed; and here, in spite of the discouragement of her first story being re-

turned upon her hands, she set about proving the view she had recently laid down to her sisters, that it was a mistake to make a heroine always handsome. 'I will prove to you that you are wrong; I will show you a heroine as plain and as small as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours.' When once in the train of the story she wrote continuously; we are not surprised that by the time she had effected her heroine's escape from Thornfield she had wrought herself into a fever. Certainly it was a dazzling power to find herself possessed of. What masculine force of style—what vivid life in the scenes—what daring originality in the situations—what a grasp of detail! This time she had no repulse to complain of. She sent her book to Messrs. Smith & Elder. The firm seem successively to have sat up all night reading the MS.; it was accepted and published within two months, and 'Curer Bell' was famous. But who was 'Curer Bell'? The publishers were as much in the dark as the world at large. Difficulties began to beset the sisters, who were charged with being one and the same; and Mrs. Gaskell makes a very pretty romance out of the two sisters—Charlotte and Anne's—sudden journey to London to prove that they were two—their arrival at the Chapter Coffee-House—their short walk to the publishers, prolonged to an hour's length by their fear of the crossings—and Mr. Smith's astonishment 'when Charlotte put his own letter into his hands; the same letter which had excited so much disturbance at Haworth parsonage only twenty-four hours before. "Where did you get this?" said he—as if he could not believe that the two young ladies dressed in black, of slight figure and diminutive stature, looking pleased yet agitated, could be the embodied Curer and Acton Bell, for whom curiosity had been hunting so eagerly in vain.'

EMILY.

Emily Brontë was the most enigmatical of all this family of enigmas. Her leanings and affinities were all of a weird character. Unsocial, stubborn in will, destitute of affection for any human being, seemingly unsusceptible of influence or impression from her sisters; yet possessing a wild attachment for her home, a strange sympathy for the brute creation, and an unconquerable love of life. She survived the unfortunate Branwell only a few months. Her extraordinary temper, says her biographer, showed itself in its utmost exaggeration as bodily disease gained upon her. She rejected all sympathy and medical assistance; the sisters dared not notice her failing limbs and panting breath; she would receive help from none.

"One Tuesday morning in December she arose and dressed herself as usual, making many a pause, but doing every thing for herself, and even endeavoring to take up her employment of sewing: the servants looked on and knew what the catching, rattling breath, and the glazing of the eye too surely foretold; but she kept at her work; and Charlotte and Anne, though full of unspeakable dread, had still the faintest spark of hope. On that morning Charlotte wrote thus—probably in the very presence of her dying sister:

"Tuesday. I should have written to you before, if I had had one word of hope to say; but I have not. She grows daily weaker. The physician's opinion was expressed too obscurely to be of use. He sent some medicine, which she would not take. Moments so dark as these I have never known. I pray for God's support to us all. Hitherto he has granted it.

"The morning drew on to noon. Emily was worse: she could only whisper in gasps. Now, when it was too late, she said to Charlotte, "If you will send for a doctor I will see him now." About two o'clock she died."

Months after Charlotte writes: 'I can not forget Emily's death-day; it becomes a more fixed, a darker, a more frequently-recurring idea than ever. It was very terrible. She was torn, conscious, panting, reluctant, though resolute, out of a happy life.' What a powerful and terrible picture of a death, as far as we are told, without a thought beyond! There are some lines by her, which sadly bear out the same impression. A girl addresses her dying lover and implores him not to cross the Eternal Sea:

'I hear its billows roar
I see them foaming high;
But no glimpse of a further shore
Has blest my straining eye.
Believe not what they urge
Of Eden isles beyond;
Turn back from that tempestuous surge
To thy own native land.
It is not death, but pain
That struggles in thy breast;
Nay, rally, Edward—rouse again—
I can not let thee rest.'

ANNE.

Emily was no sooner laid in the grave than Anne began to show symptoms of disease. By rapid stages she descended into the dark valley. But her last hours were full of holy resignation. Almost her last words were, "Take courage, Charlotte, take courage."

CHARLOTTE ALONE.

The Remembrancer will aid us in looking in upon the life of Charlotte, now bereft of all

the companions of her childhood and standing alone in the world. Her life assumes a new aspect. It becomes a literary life, and as such a public one. That is, her interests were mainly with her books, and, following on their progress and success, with the friendships into which this publicity led her. Not that her own nature or habits changed. She lived with her father, haunted by fears for his health and her own, in a solitude which sometimes became frightful to her, but which she could seldom be prevailed on to leave. It was some relief to tell these feelings to her friend, it made them more endurable. She thus pathetically describes her first return to her desolate home. It is sad to find that vigorous pen expressing as forcibly her own keen anguish as the scenes of her imagination.

"JULY, 1849.

"I intended to have written a line to you to-day, if I had not received yours. We did indeed part suddenly; it made my heart ache that we were severed without the time to exchange a word; and yet perhaps it was better. I got here a little before eight o'clock. All was clean and bright, waiting for me. Papa and the servants were well, and all received me with an affection which should have consoled. The dogs seemed in strange ecstasy. I am certain they regarded me as the harbinger of others. The dumb creatures thought that as I was returned, those who had been so long absent were not far behind.

"I left papa soon and went into the dining-room: I shut the door—I tried to be glad that I was come home—I have always been glad before—except once—even then I was cheered. But this time joy was not to be the sensation. I felt that the house was all silent—the rooms were empty. I remembered where the three were laid—in what narrow dark dwellings—never more to reappear on earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone*, and *was not to be avoided*, came on. I underwent it and passed a dreary evening and night, and a mournful morrow; to-day I am better.

"I do not know how life will pass, but I certainly do feel confidence in Him who has upheld me hitherto. Solitude may be cheered, and made endurable beyond what I can believe. The great trial is when evening closes and night approaches. At that hour, we used to assemble in the dining-room—we used to talk. Now I sit by myself, necessarily I am silent. I can not help thinking of their last days, remembering their sufferings, and what they said and did, and how they looked in mortal affliction. Perhaps all this will become less poignant in time."

In the midst of gloom like this she began

"Shirley"—which in parts expresses the sadness of the period; and found the employment the only alleviation to mental distress. It was one feature of her literary character to desire to know *every* thing that was said of her books. She lived in two spheres, that of the woman, and the author; as the one narrowed the other expanded.

MARRIAGE AND DEATH.

Two stages more bring us to the close. They are short stages, and closely connected. From her father's curate came a proposal of marriage. The father objected, and the exemplary daughter of thirty-seven quietly submitted. This, however, was not the last of the matter. After a few months the proposal was renewed, and the father's consent obtained. On the 29th of June, 1854, she became the wife of Rev. Mr. Nicholls. The father, with characteristic inconsistency, declined to be present at the marriage, and, indeed, of this event there were only two witnesses. They were the life-long female friends of Charlotte; her early teacher, Miss Woolmer, and her early schoolmate, the "ever-faithful E—." Brief but happy were the months of her married life, but they were soon numbered.

We come to the last stage. Let the biographer tell the story:

"She was attacked by new sensations of perpetual nausea, and ever-recurring faintness. After this state of things had lasted for some time, she yielded to Mr. Nicholls's wish that a doctor should be sent for. But the dreadful sickness increased and increased, till the very sight of food occasioned nausea. 'A wren would have starved on what she ate during those last six weeks,' says one. Tabby's health had suddenly and utterly given way, and she died in this time of distress and anxiety respecting the last daughter of the house she had served so long. Then she took to her bed, too weak to sit up.

"About the third week in March there was a change; a low wandering delirium came on; and in it she begged constantly for food and even for stimulants. She swallowed eagerly now; but it was too late. Wakening for an instant from this stupor of intelligence, she saw her husband's woe-worn face, and caught the sound of some murmured words of prayer that God would spare her. 'O!' she whispered forth, 'I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy.'

"Early on Saturday morning, March 31st, the solemn tolling of Haworth church-bell spoke forth the fact of her death to the villagers who had known her from a child, and whose hearts shivered within them as they thought of the two sitting desolate and alone in the old gray house."

THE YOUTHFUL PEDDLER.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

LIGHTS began to gleam from the scattered farm-houses. Maurice Alton shifted his burden from hand to hand and from shoulder to shoulder. It was not a heavy "peddler's pack," but Maurice was feeble, the pain in his side sharper than usual, and the night air of October irritated his cough badly.

A few days previous to this his mother, the only surviving parent, had died in New York. The story of their poverty has been often told, often written; suffice it to say, that after the burial he had but a dollar left—one dollar, without home or shelter, without a friend, wise, or mighty, or noble after the flesh.

He took up his Bible, that some promise might reassure him; out of it fell a tremulously-written note. He read:

"Maurice, my love, God will not forsake you; the clouds may gather, but his face is behind them. I know that you love him, I believe that your name is written in the book of life; this and my own forgiveness are the joys that sustain me; they are enough—'I bless thee, O, my God!'

"There is a dark page in my history, Maurice. I propose to write it out for you, but my hand trembles so I can not. *Always do right.*

"My youngest brother, for whom you were named, lives across the river from Albany. He has no children, and will receive you, I know. We have had no communication since I was married, but he will forgive all. It will be a long walk to his residence, though, perhaps, you can get on some of the boats—perhaps work your passage—but be careful about that pain in the side and your cough. Wear the woolen comforter on your neck as soon as the weather gets cold.

"I have written this, fearing I might die while you were away; but this is the day you are to come home. I may be able to tell you the rest."

Maurice wept convulsively. Poor boy! You would have pitied him as he sat alone in that room, bare, and scanty, and desolated by death. It had been to him sweet home—the haven from which he had gone out on his peddling excursions, and to which he returned, bearing his gains with a joyous step and loving heart.

The afternoon was waning, and he knew some step must be taken. Going to the merchant with whom he usually dealt, his small pack

of dry goods was recruited—they would serve to pay his way if not replenish his purse. Several boats were lying at the wharf. He went on board the barge Minisink; her captain was a portly, pleasant-looking man—one in whose veins still flowed the milk of human kindness, though he had felt the world's hot breath these many years. The boy's sad appearance touched him. He spoke kind words, and felt an instant reward as those pale cheeks were tinged with the glow of thankfulness, and the dark-blue eyes lit up with gratitude. Maurice offered the captain some of his humble articles.

"No," said he; "though, wait a minute. Here, Dinah, you were scolding about some pins this morning."

The ebony face and clinking keys of the chamber-maid halted at the state-room door, into which she was bearing a pile of ironed clothes, and a paper was handed her, which she good-humoredly slid in her apron pocket. Just then the steersman called out from the other end of the cabin, and the captain hurried away, telling Maurice to go down for his breakfast in the morning. He left the boat at Catskill, having about fifty miles only to travel on foot.

It was the evening of the first day; he was very tired. "Come in!" was answered to his timid knock at the back door of a comfortable farm-house. Maurice stated the object of his call.

"Beds all full," was the curt, gruffish reply from the man of the house, who, as he had been absent through the day, sat eating his supper alone. He was a tolerably-good man, but that day he had sold his wheat at a lower figure than he calculated; and then hospitality was never a conspicuous grace with him.

"Father," said the brown-eyed daughter who waited at the table, "he might have slept in the bed at the head of the stairs."

"Tea," was the brief response, accompanied by an energetic shove of the cup.

That night when the wind blew loudly and the dripping cherry-boughs flapped against her window, thoughts of the pale, thinly-clad youth mingled with the young girl's dreams.

He applied at the next house; the lady had company, but her refusal cheered him, it was so kind and feeling.

"Have you been to supper?" asked she, his hollow cough arousing her sympathies.

"No, thank you, I'm not hungry," he replied, again coughing. But at her request he drank a cup of warm tea and ate a slice of toast.

At the next house he found lodgings. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were kind people, treading the down-hill side of life with an easy pace. Their

children had all married but one, and he, the Benjamin of the flock, went to his rest only a few months before. Pale as the lilies that have since blossomed over him, with eyes like the starry violets, and lips of sweeter breath, those parents yielded up their last hope. They came from the grave with no light before them, save what gleamed from the heavens through a rift in the dark clouds, and it was sufficient for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hughes were living alone, with the exception of a boy, whose name on the school-list was written Washington Wright. Women of sympathy and men of feeling spoke of him as "Washy," or "poor Wash," and the school-boy, priding himself on superior skill in ball-playing or arithmetic, would denominate him "foolish Wash."

His mother, a girl of weak intellect, had died in the neighborhood where she had always lived, leaving her fatherless child at three years old. On her death-bed she begged of every neighbor who came in, "Do n't let Washy go to the poor-house." And they promised her; so he had been kept in one family and another till old enough to earn his living.

The night that Maurice Alton stopped at Mr. Hughes's, a cold rain-storm came on, and they kindly entertained him till it was over. Mrs. Hughes made a sirup for Maurice, which soothed his irritated lungs. In one chamber, warmed from the sitting-room fire below, was an undisturbed bed, a table on which were combs, brushes, and other toilet articles, all just as the folded hands had left them. In one corner of the room was a chest of drawers; in them were soft, thick stockings, warm wrappers, and many articles of comfort. Mrs. Hughes fancied there was a striking resemblance between Maurice and her departed son. She replenished his purse from her own, and his wardrobe from those sacred drawers.

Washy and the peddler lodged together. The ungraceful form of Wash had not a prepossessing quality. If it sheltered intellect, darkness enveloped it; if within was a soul, its emanations were few and feeble. Yet he was good-hearted and trusty, and, with a patient hand, accomplished considerable labor.

At school he was always at the foot of the class, always the butt of ridicule; yet his broad, good-natured face was seldom ruffled with a frown. Handed about in the vicinity where he was born, it never occurred to him that he had any higher sphere than ministering to the mirth of those about him, do chores, or whatever else might be pointed out to him. And yet in Mr. Hughes's family the chastened influence of sorrow, and the close contact of religious truth, had told somewhat upon the immortal part of him,

the creature of God's care and love. Maurice conversed often with his companion. It seemed that the soul gems within were struggling for life.

On retiring one night Maurice coughed more than usual.

"I am sure I shall not live long. My father coughed just so two or three months before he died," said he at intervals.

"An't you afraid?" was the blunt reply of Wash, for already his soul believed and trembled.

"Afraid of what, Washy?"

"I don't know," and the words were accompanied with a shudder which came near monopolizing the bed-clothes.

"You know I expect to go to heaven where my father and mother are, and heaven is a beautiful place. We read about it to-night; what John saw in his vision. Only think of living there, Washy!"

"But you've got to die first, and be buried in the ground. That's where they put Miss Simpkins," was the negative argument.

"This body is only the house of the soul; it is earthy, it goes back to dust; but the soul, Washy, in heaven will live and learn forever."

"I guess I should always be at the foot up there, too," said he, giving a vigorous snuff. "An't there no other place where they an't so—so stuck up like?"

"There is a place of punishment for the wicked, Washy; the Bible compares it to a burning lake. You would n't want to go there!"

"No!" was the emphatic response.

"Then won't you try and walk in the narrow path and try to enter in at the strait gate?"

Figurative language puzzled him.

"Do n't believe I could get through the gate, then," was the incredulous reply, as he contrasted with the literal idea his broad, cumbrous figure.

"You must pray every day, Washy, and pray earnestly, and read your Bible; then God will teach you and lead you by his Spirit in the true way. Will you, Washy?"

The boy-like form at his side was silent. The request was urged and repeated. The conscience that had long slept saw good and evil fruit on the tree of life. He longed to gather good fruit, but dared not utter the promise.

The next morning when Washy was buttoning his blue roundabout, he thought with the wise man that "he was curiously and wonderfully made." That the idea might be further developed, he volunteered some attention to his hair; tied the knot of his gingham neck-cloth more carefully; said "no, thank you," or "yes,

if you please," as occasion required—exercises all sanctioned by Maurice's example.

The storm had ceased, the sun came out brightly, and toward noon Maurice again took up his journey. It pained the heart of Mrs. Hughes to say "good-by" to the Christian boy, and the eyes of Washy, large, thoughtless, and unused to weep, shed many tears as Maurice took his hand for the last time.

The weather continued fine the remainder of his journey, for "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." In his uncle's family he was received and loved according to the prophecy of the dying mother.

For a few days he seemed better, and assisted his uncle in some light labors considerably. Then his cough grew violent, and a chronic disease, long dormant, gathered up, and spent its forces on the decaying frame. The closing days of Maurice Alton's life were strangely beautiful. His sufferings were intense, but every pain revealed some spirit-hue wonderful to behold. The lingering death of the dolphin, whose dying agonies produce such exquisite varieties of color, were a fitting comparison.

"Maurice, my poor boy! O, if he could be spared to us!" said his uncle, pale with grief and memories of the past.

"No, husband, we must not detain him; he is ripe for heaven." The thin hand which Mrs. Corwin held moved slightly, and the sufferer's lips repeated "heaven."

As Maurice had journeyed to his uncle's, every thing beautiful, to his anointed eyes, was a simile of the world to which he hastened. The fair Hudson, the high hills, on which were kindled the beacon-lights of watchers when the child Liberty lay gasping for breath, the forest of crimson and evergreen intermingled, the rare and wondrous works of art—all seemed shadowing the great beyond.

It was the evening of the day on which Maurice was buried. They sat alone; Mr. Corwin thoughtful, though speaking occasionally from the fullness of his heart; and his wife, in plain black silk and mourning collar, wearing a sad, tender expression, which varied somewhat with her husband's words.

John, the hired man, just then came up from the post-office, bringing the evening mail. There was a letter directed to Maurice in Mr. Corwin's care. The superscription was coarse and clumsy, the effort of the writer evidently a laborious one. But it brought tears to the eyes of the readers; redeeming love was the burden of every thought. The letter was signed "Washington Wright." Ah, the love and gratitude, crowned with immortal hope, that it breathed! Washy had

found the Savior where Maurice directed him—had been received and pardoned.

Did the angels wonder? Did they say, "Master, we know of finer gold to reflect thine image?" No, they knew the refiner's power. And Mrs. Corwin said to her husband in view of Maurice's labors for the crucified, "*Let us do likewise.*"



"TO WHOM, O LORD, IF NOT TO THEE?"

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

To whom, O Lord, if not to thee,
Should my weak harp be strung?
What other name, what other praise
Were worthy to be sung?
For though the heaven's blue vaulted dome,
Outstretching o'er us far,
May wake our raptures, thine the praise,
For thine the heavens are.

Though morn her bannered glories hath
Along the skies unrolled,
Or radiant noon pours from on high
Her meeting waves of gold,
Or purple eve, or starry night
With matchless splendors shine,
Yet crimson morn, and golden noon,
And starry night are thine.

The rivers wrap the emerald vales
About like shining bands;
The proud seas in wild tempests rise,
Or, rippling, kiss the sands;
And nature flings o'er all the earth
Her glories wide and free;
Yet what are these, O Lord, save as
They point our souls to thee?

And what is man? O, what, with all
His little vaunted power?
What but a puny, fragile thing,
The insect of an hour?
And what the reason that he boasts
With proud, unbended knee?
What but a transient, borrowed gleam
Reflected still from thee?

Then unto whom, save unto thee,
Should my weak harp be strung?
What other name, what other praise
Were worthy to be sung?
And, though were inspiration poured
Along each trembling string
In rolling floods, and had we each
A thousand tongues to sing,

And earth and heaven itself were joined,
An endless song to swell,
Yet were it but an insect note
Of all thy power to tell;
Thy power that, still upholding all
In earth and heaven above,
Can only find its equal in
Thy never-ending love.

THE TWO SYSTEMS.

BY MRS. N. M'CONAUGHEY.

FIRST SYSTEM.

IT was a cold December morning and the frost had made fairy pictures all over the window panes, and cased the creaking elm-boughs in an armor of glittering ice. But Mrs. Stanley did not feel the cold as she walked briskly through the hall and up stairs to her nursery. Placing the lamp on the bureau she proceeded to waken the little sleepers.

"Get up directly, children," she said in a decided tone, "it is past six already. Now wash and dress yourselves as quickly as possible. No complaining, Emeline, but get up at once."

The chill air made the little girls shiver as they crept slowly from their warm beds, but there was no cheerful fire glowing in the polished grate.

"O, mother," said the elder, as she proceeded toward the wash-stand, "there is ice in this pitcher."

"No matter, it will only make you more hardy. I have often washed in ice water," she said, busying herself about the room. The children knew there was no appeal, and proceeded to apply the water as sparingly as possible with their thin, blue fingers, and then shivered through the process of dressing.

"How I wish we had long woolen sacks and dresses like Annie and Lottie Loveland's; my arms and shoulders half freeze," said Sophia.

"To talk of arms and shoulders being cold at your age," said the mother contemptuously. "One would take you for two little old women. No, indeed; I do not choose to have you grow up so delicate, you can not stand a puff of cold air without a blanket about you. Mrs. Loveland can spoil her daughters if she chooses, but I know my duty and hope I shall do it."

Presently all proceeded to the dining-room, and the children were bid study their school lessons till breakfast was ready. As they sleepily conned the pages before them there was a sad expression of discontent and unhappiness resting upon brows by nature fair and lovely.

In half an hour breakfast was placed upon the table. The cut-glass and china were of the finest quality, but there was nothing inviting about the meal.

"I do not like this hominy at all," said Emma. "I wonder we have it so often."

"You must learn to eat whatever is set before you," said the mother. "A plain, wholesome diet is the best for any one, and especially for children."

"But, mother, I do dislike hominy so much."

"That is all a fancy, Emeline, and I do not choose to encourage such foolish habits. You can have nothing else till you have eaten what is on your plate."

And thus the mother, in carrying out the principles of her favorite "hardening system," did a great wrong to her child's physical constitution. If a child has a distaste for a particular kind of food, it is a good indication that it does not require it, and if taken under such circumstances can never be properly digested. Then, as the result, a current of impure blood is sent coursing through the veins, inducing disease and hastening death. A distinguished medical authority has said, "Nature is a perfect housekeeper, and knows what is wanting in her larder better than we can tell her."

The cheerless meal was soon dispatched, and then the day's work began. The little girls were again seated at their lessons, and even little Willie, the youngest and most indulged of any, had a long poem given him to learn. The school lessons were recited, missed, and restudied till time for school, and then six weary hours were dragged along in close confinement. Mrs. Stanley had chosen a teacher after her own heart, whose system admitted of little time being "wasted in romping." It was Mrs. Stanley's great ambition to have her children remarkable scholars. Emma was to be the musician, and two weary hours after school, and four on Saturdays, were devoted to her practice, till she detested the very keys of the finger-board. Sophia was the artist, and all her leisure was devoted to the recreation of stooping over a page of drawing-paper, sketching old trees and houses, her mother's sharp eye detecting the slightest deviation from the original. It was the mother's boast that little four-year-old Willie could "recite poetry by the hour by her watch." No wonder that his great blue eyes grew more hollow and bright, and his tiny footfall lighter every day.

The winter was unusually prolonged and severe, and before February snows had melted Sophia was taken sick. There was no disguising it, for all the mother's urging "to make an effort and try to overcome it, as people often did," had no effect, and in some concern the family physician was sent for. Mrs. Stanley was never ill herself, and it seemed a matter of surprise to her that other people should be. The indisposition was usually attributed to imagination or pretense.

The old physician seated himself by the bedside, and, taking the little hand in his, made a few kind inquiries respecting her symptoms, daily habits, etc.

"Dear me," said the mother, "it is so unfortu-

nate just now, doctor! Miss Holland's examination comes off in six weeks, and they are straining every nerve to prepare for it, and I am told that Sophia is one of the best scholars in school, so it will be very inconvenient for her teacher to lose her."

"I should judge from appearances that nerves had been strained a little too tight. I should advise to let them relax awhile."

"Not long, I hope, doctor. I want you to prescribe something that will pick her up very soon."

"Well, the first thing I would prescribe is flannel wrappers and flannel dresses."

"Why, doctor, it will be too much trouble to make them up just at the close of winter. Besides, I never permit them to wear flannel; it makes them too tender and delicate."

"While going without makes them tough as a white-oak knot, like this one," said the old gentleman testily. The tone and words caused a little twinge to cross the mother's heart, and she did not care to pursue the subject, though a favorite one. The doctor added, however, more severely, "You can take your choice, madam, between flannel dresses and a very thin *white cambric* one, which will save you any more 'trouble.'"

The little patient looked up wonderingly, but did not comprehend the remark.

That point being settled, the mother asked what next she should do for her child.

"Give her plenty of good nourishing food, juicy broiled beef, and roasted potatoes. Do you like broiled steak, daughter?" he asked, turning toward her.

"I guess I do," she said smilingly, "but I never get much except at aunt Emeline's."

"I do not think animal food is wholesome for any one," the mother hastened to explain. "Indeed I do not, doctor."

"Are you wiser than your Maker?" he answered. "Why did he give to Adam 'every moving thing that liveth' to be food for him, if it was unwholesome? Do you think that He who formed the body does not know what is suitable to sustain it? Good nourishing food for this little girl, and, mind, not an atom she does not relish. Her blood is so thin it would hardly color the pillow if I should open a vein. If it had been in a poor tenement-house I might have been called to head a verdict with 'starvation,' but I suppose it would sound objectionable in connection with velvet carpets and rosewood furniture."

"Come, doctor, you are really shocking this morning," said the mother, who stood much in awe of the really-learned though old-fashioned

gentleman, who dared to annihilate her beautiful educational systems with so little ceremony.

Some simple tonics were prescribed, and, kissing the little face which was upturned to his with more of pleasure than it had known for many a day, the physician walked down stairs.

"What a dear old doctor!" said Sophia.

"I almost wish I was sick, too," said Emeline.

Mrs. Stanley followed him to the door and asked rather hesitatingly:

"Do n't you think, doctor, that Sophy might be propped up, quite easy, on her pillows and work a little on a beautiful painting she is preparing for examination? The teacher has no other good artist in school, and they must have something of the kind to show, you know."

"O, to be sure! By all means. Have her make a nice, long one, and we will tack it on top of her coffin," said the old gentleman, now losing all patience. "It would be striking—something remarkable, and might even get into the papers. Good-day, madam," and he stepped into his carriage and rolled away.

"I do think Doctor Ames grows crustier every day," thought the mother as she walked slowly back. "He will be perfectly frightful by the time he is sixty."

Alas! that was a memorable winter to the ambitious mother. When the blossoms came again little Willie was "sleeping under the daisies." He died in a wild, agonizing delirium, occasioned by brain fever. The little girls, too, seemed to grow every day more delicate, but as they were not really ill it would have been deemed the "height of folly to neglect their education." Even if they were always to be invalids, "how much better to have their minds well disciplined and cultivated!" Besides, what now might be such drudgery would one day prove a refined, delightful recreation. So the mother reasoned and the hot-house culture was continued, despite the good physician's unceasing remonstrances. She became used in time to his "croaking," and it had less and less effect upon her.

Sophia graduated at seventeen, a graceful, interesting girl, of whom her mother was very proud. But she only tasted a sip of the cup of pleasure held to her lips. On the night of her birthday party they bore her fainting from the gayly-lighted drawing-rooms. A crimsoned flood welled from her parted lips and darkly dyed the airy robe which floated like a cloud about her. With one desperate grasp at the receding shore, one wild, agonizing shriek of, "Save me, mother; O save me!" and the bark of life pushed forth upon a darksome sea.

Years rolled on, and Emma, who inherited most of her mother's constitution, still survived,

though a poor invalid. The irritability common to the suffering caused her to be little comfort to her widowed mother. Alas! in her anxious culture of the head, the heart had been left a desert. There was no bond of loving sympathy between their natures. It had been severed long ago, when the loving child was remanded to her seat and her tasks again while endeavoring to climb upon her mother's lap and nestle in her bosom; when care was taken to thwart her wishes and comfort in order to teach her self-denial and hardihood.

Alas! the world hardens sure enough. God has, in mercy, given us a few glad years in which the mind is by nature free from care and anxious thought, but no one can be twice a child. Cherish, then, like gold, its sunlit hours, that from such precious seed-time may be

"Garnered up sweet memories,
Bound with ties of love,
Pleasant thoughts to cheer the pathway
To our home above."

SECOND SYSTEM.

Let us glance at another home a minute, not many yards from Mrs. Stanley's stately mansion. It is a humble one, but there is an air of elegance about it, rather the result of skill and taste than of expensive adornments.

In the gray of the morning twilight the mother paused by her children's bedside. The long, deep breaths came evenly and told of peaceful slumbers.

"Birdies!" said the mother softly, "I must send them to their nest a half hour earlier tonight so they can wake by daylight these short days," then she passed noiselessly to her own room again. Of course baby was wide enough awake, and a nice bath and a clean white slip, with blue sleeve-knots, made him look as fresh as a daisy that bleak winter morning. Presently there were voices heard in the next apartment as of two little people but half awake. Mother opened the door and said, with a sweet, clear voice and a smiling eye, "A merry Christmas to you, my darlings!" The words were electrical, and in an instant there was a twinkle of little white feet over the carpet, and two pair of plump, fair arms were wound lovingly about the mother's neck. Then the glancing feet tripped off to the chimney corner, and two plump stockings were taken down with many gleeful exclamations. Then the little ones sat down on the rug before the glowing fire and proceeded to explore their contents.

"I know who gave us these warm, soft mittens, do n't you, Lottie? Nobody but Hannah could make such pretty fringy cuffs. I am glad

we have such a nice present for her in mother's bureau."

"Do see this beautiful glass ball, Annie! It looks as if there were moss and flowers inside. You have one, too. The baby would love to play with these: may he take them, mother?" Permission was given, and she placed the bright toys in his lap, giving his fat cheek a hasty kiss and then ran back again.

"What pretty silk gloves!" said Lottie. "They are fleecy lined, too. Now, mother, can't we give our old Sunday gloves to Mrs. Duncan's poor little girls? Their bare hands look so cold at Sunday school."

"Yes, my dear, if you wish, and I will send a basket with you besides, with something for her Christmas dinner."

"O, mother, how happy it will make her and the children, too! I am so glad we may take it." And thus, ever mindful of others, the little girls continued their investigations. There were snug little papers of fig-drops, nuts, and raisins, without which a child's Christmas gifts would not be fairly sweetened, and hid away in each stocking, too, was a dainty silver thimble, with the letters "C. E. L." and "A. J. L." engraved upon them.

"Now we will see who can hem papa a cambric handkerchief the most neatly by his next birthday," said Mrs. Loveland.

"We shall both do it best, I know," said little Annie quite earnestly, admiring her little thimble on all sides.

"I hope so," said the mother smiling; "now you will find papa's gift upon the mantle."

"These are the best of all," said Lottie, as she unfolded the paper and saw two beautiful fair-type Bibles with each name gilded on the sides. "Dear mother, we have so much to thank you both for."

"And is there no one else you should be grateful to, my children?"

The Christmas treasures were laid aside, and each kneeled reverently beside the mother as they breathed their simple morning prayer. And then the mother, with an arm encircling each, besought Heaven's choicest blessings on them.

Preparing for breakfast was a quick process, for a light heart makes nimble fingers.

"Now where is Winnie's little knit sack, then we are all ready to go down. O, mother, where did this pretty pink one come from? Winnie, you look like a rosy in it." And chatting happily together they all descended to the breakfast room, where papa was reading his paper.

"Ah, good morning little ones. A merry Christmas!" he said, as he wound an arm about each and looked down into their smiling faces. "Santa Claus made you a little late this morn-

ing, did not he? It is well he does not come but once a year, is n't it, pet?" and the heavy locks of dark-brown hair, unmixed with a thread of silver, bent down and mingled with Annie's sunny curls.

"I wish it was Christmas every day in the year, papa," said the little girl quite sincerely.

"It would get to be an old story after a little, I think. It is our simplest pleasures, after all, that are the sweetest and most enduring. But who is this Lottie is bringing to us? Ah, this is our little sunbeam. And so it is Winnie's first Christmas day. May God give him many returns of it!" he said fervently. "What shall we give little brother, daughter, for his Christmas gift?" he asked, as he placed the baby on his knee, the little one testifying his delight by burying his dimpled hands deep in his father's whiskers. And thus they chattered on till the generous breakfast was placed upon the table.

"I wish poor Bessie Duncan had some of our nice broiled chicken, do n't you, mother? But she will have a good dinner, won't she, mother?"

The clock was striking nine when the children set out on their pleasant errand. They were well protected from the chilly air by warm cloaks, and the new mittens defied the cold to take even a peep at their fingers. Only their bright faces peered out from the crimson lining of their hoods, and they were so brimful of goodness it did good to the heart of more than one passer-by just to look at them. On they pattered, carrying the large covered basket between them, till they reached the poor woman's cottage.

The mother and her four little girls sat close around a bright wood fire, the mother knitting and singing a Christmas hymn to the little ones, and the eldest girl, about Lottie's age, busy mending some thrice-worn garments for her sister. They had an abundance of fuel, but food and clothing were very meager. The little visitors were warmly greeted and chairs quickly placed for them beside the fire.

"No, I thank you, ma'am," said Lottie; we can not stay. Mother sends her best wishes to you all, and begs you will accept a little Christmas present." With that she proceeded to take from the basket a fine, plump duck, just ready for the oven, two famous pumpkin pies, a loaf of bread, roll of butter, with biscuit and cold meat in abundance, while in the bottom were a dozen or two of rosy pippins and a bag of chestnuts for the children. O, how the little feet and eyes danced with pleasure as they gathered around the table, and the poor mother could hardly find words to express her gratitude. Lottie did not linger longer than was necessary, but placing a bundle of Annie's outgrown clothes in the lap of

the second girl bade them all a good morning, and taking her sister's hand stole quietly away.

As they were walking home with very light hearts they saw Emeline Stanley approaching by another street, and waited for her to come up. Annie inquired with great interest about her "Christmases."

"We had no presents except some new school books mother bought us. I do n't prize them much, I can tell you. I have just been down to the stage-office to see if my new music came last evening, but it did not; so I must practice four hours on the old. I do hate it, Lottie."

"Stop with us and eat some figs and almonds, won't you, Emma? We should so love to have you."

"Thank you, I can not. Our teacher has given us double lessons because this is a holiday, so I can not spare a minute."

"Mother does not wish us to study out of school. She thinks six hours is all we should devote to it at present."

"I wish my mother thought so, but she does not; so good morning, girls," and with the same sad, discontented look upon her face it was accustomed to wear, the little girl passed on to her elegant, cheerless home.

It would require no seer's vision to foretell that children around whose pathway such a sun-light of love and happiness was thrown as about Lottie and Annie Loveland's, would grow up warm and generous-hearted, a blessing to all within the circle of their influence. Some one has well said "a sunshiny childhood is a great capital to begin life with." How many sons have been wrecked and dashed to pieces on the red reefs of sin, who might have gone down to their graves with gray hairs, honored and beloved, if they had only received this priceless inheritance! O, strive to make home the fairest spot on earth for your children, then shall they "arise up and call you blessed;" then will you have given them a precious amulet which will prove a solace in sorrow, and a powerful safe-guard in the hour of temptation.



"SWEEPING AWAY THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD."

THE Chinese worship the spirits of their departed ancestors, and make many offerings to them; and they bury the bodies of deceased parents and other adults with much ceremony and much expense. But when a little child dies, so far from honoring it, the body is commonly wrapped in matting and thrown into some canal or river, or deposited in a great hollow tower, built for the

purpose, or laid by the side of some tomb, or at the foot of the city wall, where it is soon eaten up by the dogs and birds. And instead of worshiping the spirit of the child, they take great pains to drive it away as an enemy. No cries or loud lamentations betoken the sorrow of the parents when a child has died; but there are deafening noises of powder-crackers, gongs, and cymbals, designed to frighten the spirit from the house. A priest is called in to chant prayers and use the magic spells which drive away ghosts and monstrous appearances. The priest takes a new broom and burns it to ashes, after which he proceeds with his incantations. These finished, he takes a broom in his hand, carries it a hundred paces from the door, and throws it off as far as he can. Thus the ceremony is ended, the little one is "swept away," and the family is secured from the intrusion of the spiteful and malignant spirit which had been cherished in its bosom.

But why is all this? They suppose that in some former state of existence—for the Chinese believe in the transmigration of souls—the child had received an injury from one or both of its parents, for which it desired to be revenged; or that it had some claim upon them for a debt, for which it was determined to obtain payment. For some such purpose the child came into this world and quartered itself upon the parents, subjecting them to much trouble and expense, and then leaving them before reaching an age at which its services could, in any measure, repay them for their pains. And the fear is that it may again be born for a similar purpose, as the child of the same parents, and so they strive to drive the spirit far away. Yet some Chinese mothers manifest the genuine yearnings of a mother's heart, and refuse to allow the spirit of the beloved child to be thus unfeelingly driven off.

NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPING.

BY HATTIE A. GERE.

HE is not dead, he is but sleeping,
The cold, cold grave is only keeping
The dust to dust returning;
Death could not claim the soul immortal,
For angels from the heavenly portal
Bent o'er with eager yearning.
They saw the failing life-blood quiver,
As soul and flesh neared death's dark river,
And at its billows parted;
Then bore to heaven with holy voicings
The ransomed spirit 'mid rejoicings—
The youthful, noble-hearted.
They left within the house of mourning
The casket, robbed of its adorning,
The soul, that never slumbers;
All beauteous was it yet in seeming,

As one who sleeps in quiet dreaming,
Or lists to pleasant numbers.
And it was strange to see him lying,
Arrayed in vestments of the dying,
O, it was sad and dreary!
For he was young, and bright, and blooming,
With ardent hopes before him looming,
And heart that ne'er was weary.
The good and right with boldness doing,
The better path in all pursuing,
And faithful in each duty;
His life was one harmonious blending,
To all a gracious influence lending,
So full' of truth and beauty.
But all is o'er; each young ambition
Burned brightly till his useful mission
Drew near its final closing,
Then unto God his spirit giving,
He ceased to labor with the living.
And slept in sweet reposing.
And though the grave his form is keeping,
He is not dead—he was but sleeping.
And woke to joys supernal.
One seraph more in heaven is dwelling,
One more redeemed the chorus swelling,
To praise the great Eternal.

THE EMPTY CRADLE.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

In the still and quiet chamber
There's an empty cradle-bed,
With a print upon the pillow
Of a baby's shining head.
'T is a fair and dainty cradle;
Downy soft the pillows white,
But within the blankets folded,
Lies no little form to-night.
Once the mother sat beside it
When the day was growing dim,
And her pleasant voice was singing
Soft and low, a cradle-hymn.
Now there's no more need of singing,
When the evening shadows creep,
For the cradle-bed is empty,
And the baby gone to sleep.
Little head, that used to nestle
In the pillows white and soft;
Little hands, whose restless fingers
Folded there in dreams so oft;
Lips we pressed with fondest kisses
Eyes we praised for purest ray,
Underneath the church-yard daisies
They have hid you all away.
Ah! the empty, useless cradle!
We will put it out of sight,
Lest our hearts should grieve too sorely
For the little one to-night.
We will think how safe forever,
In the better fold above,
That young lamb for which we sorrow,
Resteth now in Jesus' love.

METHODISM IN OLDEN TIMES.

BY REV. L. W. PECK, A. M.

WHEN God plants the Christian faith in a new country he employs for that work a ministry which follows up the pioneer hunter, the adventurer, and the emigrant. Along the western frontier in early times hastened the herald of the cross, with Bible, hymn-book, and saddle-bags, to occupy the ground in advance, and to point the rude children of the wilderness to the momentous concerns of the world to come. Men were needed then who, like Finley, could excel the old trapper in shooting at a mark with his favorite rifle, and yet lead that trapper and his family to the feet of Jesus.

In 1837 Gerstaeker, a German traveler, started for the wilds of Arkansas, but, having little inclination to serious thought, he complained that his path was so often crossed by the Methodist preacher. He had penetrated the forest and grappled with wild beasts simply for amusement, but here was found one who endured greater hardships to rescue sinners from eternal death. What a commentary this on the irrepressible energy of a class of men almost unknown to history, and, in former times, mentioned only to be traduced!

But what a change! Populous cities have displaced the wilderness! Conferences have sprung up within the circuits of the old preachers. Maine, Alabama, Florida, Texas, California, and Oregon; Arkansas, Iowa, Kansas, and Minnesota have been touched in their laborious travels, and the moral desert has bloomed with flower and fruit unto eternal life. The Church should cherish the memory of her heroic sons. The many interesting biographies which have recently appeared, the memorials and records of conferences are accumulating a fund of information which will aid the future historian to construct for the thoughtful reader that simple and yet stupendous scheme which has spread a new spiritual life over so large a part of our world. Then when the generations to come shall ask, What is early Methodism? we may point to the truthful delineations of history and say, Behold it here!

Since history aids the present generation in comprehending the position and power of the preceding, so that we of this age may profit by the virtues and escape the follies of the past, the historian of early Methodism deserves our gratitude. But he performs for us a more important service. He participates in the scenes he describes. He stands in the midst of a wonderful and glorious instrumentality which has been efficacious in saving a multitude of souls. While

all are gazing with admiration at the past successes and present triumphs of Methodism, he reveals its origin, measures its power, and proves its continued and increasing efficiency. The controversies which have come upon the Church have filled many pious and discerning minds with solicitude. With the thoughtful there have been forebodings of evil. Yet the Church, like a thunder-riven rock, has not been destroyed. It is the duty of the historian of Methodism to gather up those lessons of wisdom which enable us to understand her present position, and secure the conservation of those elements which make her future glorious.

With these preliminaries we introduce to our readers "Early Methodism," by George Peck, D. D. The imprint of our "Book Concern" in this volume gives the assurance of an elegant and becoming exterior. The paper, printing, and binding are admirable. The numerous friends of the author will be glad to see an accurate steel-plate engraving of his face as it appears at the present time, the engraving having been made from a recent photograph. Below is also seen an autograph of the author, whose writing gives one the idea of fixed waves of thought. They who glance at this signature can only in part appreciate the trials of those who have studied for a long time over a single word of the rapid chirography penned by the same hand.

Early Methodism is a grand fact, an elemental power in the religious advancement of Great Britain and of the world. It speaks to us from the dreams of our childhood, reminding us of what we have heard from our parents of Wesley, and Whitefield, and Fletcher. From the halls of Oxford went forth three or four young men, whose eyes the Spirit had unsealed, and whose tongues he had touched with holy fire. The United Kingdom was startled with their bold, simple, and earnest preaching. The wicked were cut to the heart, the vicious were reclaimed, and a new life breathed into the dead professors of the Christian faith. Under the electric power of the Reformation of the sixteenth century, the English Church had shaken itself clear from the doctrinal excesses of the Church of Rome. But there was an hallucination of prelatical supremacy still resting upon her mind. And this ecclesiastical fiction appears only the more subtile and dangerous from the fact that it could so long hold in its gloom such a mind as that of Wesley. There was a distance between the pulpit and the pew which could not be bridged by the Established Church. Methodism introduced such a simple and direct Church organization that the Gospel was brought down to the hearts of men. John Nelson, the prince of lay

preachers, was the expression and the product of this Gospel of the people. Whitefield preached with heart of flame, Wesley reasoned with the calmness of a seraph.

At the auspicious moment this light glimmered on the shore of the new world. Wesleyan preachers were already in America. We behold early Methodism there. Mobs and prisons no longer await the self-denying followers of the new faith; but puritanical prejudice for a long time repelled them as with a wall of adamant on the one side, while wild beasts and the untraced wilderness defied them on the other. At length God raised up Asbury, the American Wesley, whose cōpeers and successors our revered superintendents, the bishops, have preserved the nearest succession to Wesleyan authority and discipline which it is possible to attain.

We propose from this point to notice the character of early Methodism, and from it draw a comparison to the Methodism of the present day. And now, opening the volume before us, we see by a sufficiently-broad induction, extending over a wide territory for the space of forty years, from 1788 to 1828, the true character of early American Methodism. The narrative begins with the planting of Christianity in the far-famed Wyoming. Here first came Zinzendorf, the Moravian apostle. Here Anning Owen flies over the sanguinary field from the disastrous battle, and, beneath the blaze of burning homes and the gleam of the scalping-knife, vows to lead a religious life. He is a blacksmith, and hammers out iron and sermons at the same time. A right loving, sturdy, truthful old champion is he. He bears the living seals of one called of God. Now we follow Colbert or Draper along the track of the wild bear, sleeping amid the howling of wolves. This was early Methodism in its holy chivalry, its burning zeal for the salvation of men. In the beginning of the book the frequent quotations from the journal of Mr. Colbert might, to some, prove distasteful. But we prefer to have time and place set before us with the accuracy of a private journal. It seems to plant us on the very spot where the old preachers toiled and fell. For startling power the story surpasses that of the old hunters who fought with savages and wild beasts on the frontier. The name of George Lane comes up, who, when a gay young man, said in derision he would yet become a Methodist preachehr, and bring tears from the old women's eyes. We see Draper and his traveling friend making a supper on stewed pumpkin and milk. Ben Bidlack fights for his country and then for his God; while, to finish the wonderful picture of those times, Peter Cart-

wright, an apostle of the Church militant, travels the west, and Lorenzo Dow propounds his theological paradoxes at the east and "raises the devil" at the south.

But the account of Draper, and how he managed the affair of the supper, must be given in the words of the author to be fully appreciated: "Mr. Draper was obliged to put up for the night in Jones's Settlement. Thomas Elliott, one of the preachers, was with him. They put up at a miserable place. The woman seemed embarrassed, and, supposing her embarrassment originated from the fact that she could not give the travelers a comfortable meal, Mr. Draper said they wanted some milk for supper, adding that Mr. Wesley in his philosophy said that hearty suppers were unhealthy. The woman seemed relieved, and the matter was soon settled that they would make their suppers on stewed pumpkin and milk. Wishing to avoid the use of dirty dishes, Mr. Draper arranged that the pumpkin should be divided in the center, and stewed in two parts. When cooked and cooled each man took his half, and, pouring milk into the concave, took a spoon and scooped out the meat of the pumpkin, and thus made his supper. This was an original plan of eating pumpkin and milk, and very convenient withal, especially as it enabled the travelers to avoid the use of wooden bowls, which, probably, had not been washed since they were made." (Early Methodism, page 412.)

The mission of the Methodist Church has, from the days of Wesley, been to the masses of the people. Jesus said, in attestation of his divine mission, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." While, therefore, we would not forget our duty to the higher classes, let us remember that the intelligent and wealthy owe forbearance to the ignorant, kindness and gentleness to the poor. Before we trace Methodism down to the present, let us discover in what consisted its ancient strength.

1. There was a singleness of purpose in the old Methodist preachers. Their mission was supreme. They seldom desisted from their work till worn out or disabled. The ministry filled the horizon of their life. They pressed on, till time receded and eternity drew nigh.

2. They were men of remarkable faith. They believed what they received as God's truth with a clear conviction. They saw God, and heaven, and hell with the light of certainty. They felt the woe of the Gospel. Their theology was simple, massive, and Scriptural. Staggered by no difficulties, appalled by no dangers, they moved the arm of God with the faith that works miracles.

3. The old preachers had great love for each other and for the Church. They were trained up in the midst of perils, afflictions, and privations. But we are never left to doubt their love for the brethren. Beneath a severe exterior was a heart tender as that of woman, and a soul guileless as a little child. The love of Christ was the constraining power. Hence it was easy for them to sacrifice self-interest for the good of the brotherhood, and for the glory of Christ and his Church.

We are now prepared to examine Methodism of a later growth, and to see whether a withering stem betrays a disease at the heart. To begin with the last of the above thoughts it is certainly safe to inquire, Is there not often a disposition to seek the aggrandizement of self? Do any speak evil of the labors, motives, and zeal of a brother? Does detraction never lay bare and magnify with microscopic particularity the faults of another where we might rather expect that charity which hides a multitude of sins? I speak not in the spirit of censure, but kindly suggest that *we should cherish a generous and holy friendship for each other amid the mutual sacrifices of our ministerial life.*

Again, let us guard against a decline of that *faith* which the worthies of the Church possess, and which of itself is power. Let not our hold on the great doctrines of the Gospel—justification by faith, entire sanctification, and the witness of the Spirit—become impaired. For if this should ever be, whatever moral power we have is shaken if not paralyzed.

Once more—while we fail not in the above particulars—let us carefully preserve the *simplicity and unity of Methodism*. It is worth while to consider the diversities of pursuit in our Church, educational, social, and spiritual, and see that these at all times harmonize. We should have one aim. The divine glory should animate us all, and stir our souls to the depths of being. We should not fritter away our strength upon the merely temporal and irrelevant. I would not for a moment doubt the purity of our literary men, or mar the laurels of our Christian scholars. They are a noble, disinterested, and holy band, who have done the Church good service, and still will honor her. All we would say is, in the brilliancy and diversity of gifts we should not forget our heaven-appointed work. We do not overlook the excellence of the modern Church, the extensive and multifarious labors of her ministry, the wide extension of her plans of beneficence, her aggressive ardor, and her undaunted courage, which are worthy of the highest commendation.

We are not of those who say without judg-

ment or charity, "The former days are better than these." Nevertheless, we abhor self-gratulation. The Church has panegyrists enough. There are two classes of people whose folly we deplore—those who believe the Church was made to worship like a "*golden calf*," and those who believe the Church was created only to be *tinkered*. There was once a man living in Arkansas who had a clock, and, wishing to see what was inside, took it apart. But when he came to put it together again he found that he had wheels enough left to make another clock. He was certainly a lucky man!

In this book we follow our author from his account of the origin of Methodism in America to the uprising of several conferences in Pennsylvania and New York, the light advancing from Wyoming through the northern wilderness, meeting that from Baltimore on the south and that from New York on the Hudson, illuminating the domain of the Six Nations, touching Canada, Niagara, and the Bay of Quinte, till at last it shines on a wide-spread, beautiful land, and we behold the Oneida conference springing out of old Genesee.

Further analysis of the volume is unnecessary. The interest for the reader is enhanced by the description of the *character* of the old preachers, and of others, male and female, whose lives shed peculiar luster on the Church. The style is solid, often sparkling, and the narrative is full of pictures from real life. But the volume itself should be read.

It is well for us often to pause and inquire for the old paths and the good way in which our fathers, walking, found rest and joy for evermore. I have faith in humanity, and in God, and in my brethren, both of the ministry and laity of the Methodist Church, to believe that they will perseveringly hold the right, and also that they will hold it in love. Let them be fearless witnesses for the truth till the praise awarded to Milton's steadfast angel is given to them.

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless; faithful only he
Among innumerable false; unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth or shake his constant mind,
Though single."

And as that "dreadless angel" "all night" held on his way till came to view the unconquerable seraphim with shields of gold, so shall the true sons of the Church find the ranks of a numerous brotherhood, who stand loyally for Christ, and fight his battles, waiting only for his word that they may exchange the cross for the crown.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HEBREW LANGUAGE.

BY HENRY CRAIK.*

AS the glassy lake reflects the image of external nature, so language may be regarded as the mirror of intelligent mind, and just as the surface of the lake reflects with equal faithfulness the tiniest shrub that grows upon its banks, and the dread magnificence of the starry firmament, so language serves alike to express the feeble conceptions of early childhood, and to give forth the thoughts and purposes of Jehovah. The history of any form of speech is, to a greater or less extent, the record of thought and feeling, and the record of thought and feeling constitutes the history of humanity.

There are various external circumstances upon which the characteristic features of any given language may be said to depend; various types and models, according to which the several languages employed by the various tribes of the human family have been molded and conformed. Climate is one of those external circumstances. The general results of climate may, according to the ingenious Loescher, be summed up in the following couplet:

"The western tongues *flow on*, the eastern *leap*;
The southern *run*, the sluggish northern *creep*."

These several characteristic qualities may be mingled in diverse proportions, according to the locality and other modifying circumstances.

Thus, of the western tongues the Greek has more vivacity than the Latin; Greece lying south-east from Italy. The Latin, as most readers are aware, is distinguished for gravity and stateliness, and moves, as in the page of Cicero, with a slow, dignified, majestic step. The languages of the east, on the other hand, abound in sparkling imagery, corresponding to the ardent temperament proper to that sunny clime, while the northern tongues correspond with the temperament of a cold and inclement sky. Thus the intonation of many natives of Scotland is slow when contrasted with the livelier utterance of an Englishman. France, as situated to the south of England, is possessed of a still more vivacious form of speech. French—the language of superficial politeness—is rapid, lively, flowing, and well fitted to be the medium of intercourse among a polished, talkative, and thoughtless people. It is but little adapted for elevated writing of any kind, least of all for elevated

poetry. And who does not perceive a correspondence between the proverbially frivolous and excitable character of the French people and the whole cast and composition of their language? or between the masculine character of Englishmen and our fine, old nervous Anglo-Saxon dialect?

The situation of Palestine—on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean—would lead us to infer that the language of its people would partake of the qualities belonging to the other eastern dialects. Accordingly, it is forcible, picturesque, abrupt, delighting in figurative expressions, and abounding in bold and impressive imagery. But, in comparison with Persia, India, and other Oriental countries, Palestine might almost be reckoned as belonging to the western world; and thus we find that the Hebrew is characterized by the simplicity and gravity that distinguish the languages of the west.

This leads me to remark how greatly the influence of climate may be modified by other circumstances. Locality is only one of the several congruous, or incongruous, influences that act upon the character of a people, and mold their form of speech, and if we would satisfactorily account for the peculiar characteristics of any particular language, we must investigate the causes that have exerted their combined influence in imparting to it the form and features which it is found to have assumed.

In the case of the Hebrews those causes were of the most marked and obvious nature. The early history, the civil and religious institutions of any people, naturally stamp their impress upon the national mind. If any circumstances happen to have imparted a peculiarity of character to a nation, this peculiarity will necessarily be developed in their language. The domestic habits, moral principles, and general pursuits of any people serve to cover their whole phraseology.

This may be illustrated by reference to any sect of religion, or to any school of philosophy. What observant man, who has mingled in general religious society, can have failed to recognize a peculiar mode of expression among the followers of the devoted Wesley, or among the readers of German theology, or among the disciples of any distinguished teacher? The fact that we are all exposed to such a tendency should lead us earnestly to study and devoutly to receive the instructions of Him who has commanded us to call no man master upon earth. The mannerism into which we are all so ready to fall, is always more or less the index of weakness. How common is it to meet with individuals whose judgment concerning matters of deepest moment has been decided, not by the testimony of Scripture,

*From "The Hebrew Language, its History and Characteristics."

but by the authority of eminent, energetic, devoted, but uninspired men! John Knox and John Wesley—very different in their mental constitution, and no less opposed to each other in certain doctrinal opinions—have continued, even down to the present day, to influence the judgment, the feelings, and the phraseology of thousands and tens of thousands. If we would give forth before the world a fair impression of the large and unsectarian character of Christianity, we must guard against the habitual iteration of certain current phrases, remembering that there is, in general, a noble distinctness and individuality about the writers of the Old and New Testaments. Moses, David, Isaiah, Solomon have each of them their distinct style. Paul, and Peter, and John all proclaim the same Gospel, all testify to the same Savior, yet how perceptible to every reader is the difference of their mode of expression!

But to return from this long digression, let me proceed to apply to the particular case of the Hebrew, what has been said respecting the circumstances that tend to modify any language. Their early history, their sojourn in Egypt, and their deliverance from their bondage in that country; the ceremonial institution, the priesthood, the theocracy, the prophetic order—all these tended to influence the national character, and to stamp that character upon their form of speech.

Were the present population of France to be swept away, and the soil given over to the Scottish Covenanters, or to the Puritan founders of New England—supposing the substance of the language to remain—how many forms of expression now current would be neglected and fall into utter desuetude among such a people! Supposing the Puritan character to be maintained, although French should remain the language of the country, and, although the influence of climate would, of course, be the same as ever, can there be any reason to doubt that, as employed by a grave, an earnest, and a religious people, the language would become more nervous, serious, dignified? A people devoted to whatsoever things are noble, good, and true, would naturally be led so to mold and fashion their current phraseology, as that it should become the fitting vehicle for the expression of holy feeling and elevated thought.

The patriarchs were the founders of the Jewish nation. Their walk of separation, simplicity, and godliness required a corresponding medium of intercourse. Hence the simple dignity, the elevated seriousness, the earnest tenderness by which their language is characterized. How utterly uncalled for among such a people would

have been many of the terms and phrases constantly employed by the present population of France! Paris—so long the center of European luxury, and now, after repeated revolutions, the seat of an imperial despotism—Paris requires such a copiousness of diction as would only have incumbered the ancient Hebrews. Their manners were simple, their wants comparatively few; their thoughts all, more or less, colored with the religious element. These mental characteristics were reflected in their form of speech.

Having thus, by some observations on the general characteristics of languages, prepared the way for remarks of a more definite character, I would now attempt to point out more particularly some of the *leading characteristics of the Hebrew tongue*.

In all languages terms descriptive of mental states and feelings are, in their primary import, applicable to material objects, or, to express myself, perhaps, more clearly, words, strictly and primarily representative of external objects or conditions, are employed to designate ideas belonging to the world of mind. Thus in our own language, "*to apprehend*," in its primary signification, denotes "*to lay hold of*;" its application to denote an act of the mind is secondary and figurative. It is the same with the words "*understand*," "*conceive*," "*recollect*," "*disposition*," etc. Indeed, examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

There is in Hebrew a remarkable appropriateness and expressive energy in the terms employed to denote mental qualities or conditions. The original notions inherent in those terms serve to picture forth with prominent distinctness the mental quality which they are employed to designate. Thus, for instance, the usual term for "*meek*" is derived from a radical word signifying "*to afflict*," thus intimating the well-known connection between *sanctified sorrow* and the *grace of meekness*. The usual term for "*wicked*" comes from a root that expresses the notion of *restlessness*, *tumult*, or *commotion*. "*There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked*." A "*sinner*" is one who *misses the mark*, who turns aside from his "*being's end and aim*"—even the favor and enjoyment of God. To "*delight in*" any thing is, radically, "*to bend down*" toward it, such a direction of the body being an *outward expression of inward complacency*. The word applied to the "*law of God*" (the *Torah*) is derived from a verb signifying "*to cast*," "*to send out*," thence "*to put forth*," as the hand, for the purpose of giving directions, "*to point out*," "*to indicate*," "*to teach*." *The law* is that which *indicates or points out* to us the mind of God. "*Righteousness*" is properly

that which is perfectly straight. "Truth," that which is *firm* or *stable*. "Vanity," that which is *empty*. "Anger" is derived from a root meaning *to breathe*, quick breathing being one of the external signs of irritated feeling. "To trust" is expressed sometimes by a term meaning *to take shelter under* any object of confidence, sometimes by a word meaning *to lean upon*; in other cases by a word the radical signification of which appears to be *to throw one's self upon any one, or to hang upon him*. Trust in God may be described either as a putting ourselves under the shadow of his wings, and taking refuge in him; or as a casting ourselves upon his care, a hanging in helplessness upon his Almighty strength. "To judge," is radically *to smooth, to make even, to equalize*.

The second verse of the eleventh chapter of Proverbs furnishes an apt illustration of the energy of expression resulting from combining together the ideal import of the several words that make up a sentence:

"When pride cometh then cometh shame,
But with the lowly is wisdom."

Pride comes from a root which means "to swell;" *shame* from a word denoting "to be light or empty;" *lowly* from a root meaning "to chip or smooth with a hatchet," and *wisdom* from a word expressing "solidity." Put these several primary significations in combination and you get two striking images corresponding to the two divisions of the sentence:

"When swelling cometh then cometh lightness,
But with those who have been pruned (chipped, exercised by trial,) there is solidity."

It may be interesting to compare the distinct, radical notions of the several terms employed respectively in the Hebrew, Greek, and Latin for the idea of *justice* or *righteousness*.

The Hebrew term, as we have seen, denotes *that which is perfectly straight*; the Latin *jus*, from *jubeo*, *jussi*, *that which is commanded*, and the Greek, *δικη*, *that which divides equally to all—apportions to every one his due*. The thought expressed by the Hebrew root is deeper than that which is conveyed either by the Latin or Greek. The Romans were a military people—a nation of soldiers—and the idea of *righteousness* was, in their minds, naturally associated with that of *obedience to orders*. The Greeks were a people foremost in all that ministers to social enjoyment and civilization, and *their* idea of *righteousness* was that which secured to all the possession of his due. The thought of an antecedent and eternal distinction between right and wrong, apart altogether from the present results of good and evil,

runs through the whole system of Old Testament morality, and that thought is graphically presented to us under the image of *that which is perfectly straight*.

"Truth," again, in Hebrew, *firmness*, is in Greek *that which can not be hid*, or that which is *unconcealed, open*, in opposition to falsehood, which lurks in darkness. Such an instance serves to show how full of practical teaching may be the details of philology, and to remind us of our Lord's words—

"He that doeth *truth* cometh to the *light*."

"Truth," says the Greek derivation, is *that which can not be hid*. It may be *suppressed* for a time—it may *seem* to be *buried* forever—but its very nature secures its ultimate revival and resurrection. The oppressor and the persecutor may tread it down; the bones of the martyrs may

"Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"
their ashes may be sown

"O'er all the Italian fields where still doth sway
The Triple Tyrant."

But from their ashes will grow

"A hundred fold, who, having learnt Christ's way,
Early will fly the Babylonian woe."

Truth may be consumed in the person of John Huss, but must spring forth with renewed life in the person of Martin Luther, and neither Pope Pius IX, nor any other persecuting ruler, can uproot from the hearts of his subjects that deep-seated apprehension of *truth* which Divine grace has imparted.

The Hebrew derivation again reminds us of its indestructible *firmness*. The everlasting hills may tremble—the solid rocks may be shattered to atoms—the heaven and the earth may pass away—but truth remains immovable,

"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds."

It will thus be seen that the study of the Hebrew language—even as a language—apart from the consideration of its use in enabling us to read the original of the Old Testament—is full of *moral* instruction. The great Coleridge delighted to trace these ideal meanings in his perusal of the Hebrew Scriptures, and, although other languages, to a certain extent, are constructed on the same principle, yet I question whether any other form of speech contains such an amount of ethical meaning inwrought into its very framework, and pervading it as a whole.

The precious name of Jesus—in Hebrew, *Joshua*, or *Joshua*—is derived from a root-term

that, in its primary meaning, denotes "amplitude," "spaciousness." It thence was employed in the sense of "setting at large," "delivering from distress," "saving from every kind of evil." Let us trace this instance with some particularity.

First, we have the root denoting—

(1.) *To be spacious, ample, broad, wealthy, abundant, rich.*

Then (2.) *To set in a large place, to set at liberty, help, succor, aid, save.*

Then the nouns—*deliverance, aid, safety, salvation.*

Then, prefixing the abbreviated form of Jehovah, we get the noun *Joshua=Jehovah—Salvation, or Jehovah the Savior.* How admirably this derivation illustrates the declaration of the angel! Matt. i, 21.

"He shall be called Jesus, that is, Jehovah the Savior, For he by himself shall save his people from their sins."

The proper name of the most distinguished of all the prophets is compounded of the very same elements, only in a different order—Jesus and Isaiah are each of them made up of the syllable denoting Jehovah and the word denoting "salvation." In Jesus the name of God is *prefixed*, in Isaiah it is *appended*. Jesus, therefore, may be rendered Jehovah—Salvation; that is, Jehovah the Savior. Isaiah denotes Salvation—Jehovah; that is, the Salvation of Jehovah. The same root furnishes one or two other words which it may be interesting to notice. Shuah denotes a "cry for help." It is also used for "wealth." Shevah is another form of it occurring in Psalm v, 2.

"Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God."

Thus "salvation," "riches," and the cry of a suppliant sufferer, are all derived from the same root, and all find their answer in our Joshua, or Jesus. His salvation brings not only deliverance for the captive, but succor to the suppliant and boundless riches to the poor. Every thing opposed to *bondage, straitness, or oppression*; every thing *free, ample, plenteous, abundant*, meets and centers in the name and person of the Savior. Earthly treasures may enable their possessor to adorn his lordly mansion with costly pictures, elegant furniture, and all that may minister to the lust of the eye and the pride of life; but it is only by the knowledge of Jesus that the chambers of the soul can be "furnished with all precious and pleasant riches." That root Yashah recalls to the eye and ear of the reader of the Hebrew Scriptures the thrice-beloved name which is as "ointment poured

forth" for the refreshment of the weary heart. It recalls the thought of Him who is to his faithful people

"Their never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace."

Let no one, therefore, assert that the study of Hebrew roots is a barren and profitless speculation. The rod of Aaron "brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds;" so the radical terms of the Hebrew language, when cultivated with intelligence and care, yield refreshing fruit, pleasant to the spiritual taste, and nourishing to the inner man. Shall the best years of youth be devoted to the pursuit of Greek and Roman learning, and shall nothing be done to advocate the claims or to expound the beauties of the earliest of all tongues? Shall Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, Thucydides and Livy be allowed entirely to absorb that mental strength which might more profitably be expended in seeking a familiar acquaintance with the writings of Moses and the prophets?

The ancient Hebrew, as comprehended within the pages of the Old Testament, is exceedingly limited in its vocabulary. We are not, however, justified in inferring that the language, as it existed in the days of David or Isaiah, was deficient in copiousness. It has, of all languages generally studied, the fewest number of vocables, but this fact may be explained simply on the ground that so small a portion of Hebrew authorship has come down to modern times. The number of distinct roots in the ancient Hebrew may be reckoned rather under 2,000, and the number of words altogether does not probably exceed 7,000 or 8,000. It should be observed, however, that on such points all that we can do is to *approximate* to an exact statement. But, although possessed of so limited a vocabulary, it abounds in synonymous terms, that is, such terms as express the same generic idea under different aspects. For example, in Hebrew we have at least six different words for man:

(*math* or *meth*.)—A man. Used only in the plural, and in the Ethiopic distinctively applied to a husband, like the word "man" in some provincial dialects of our own country.

(*ādām*).—Man—the name of the species—answering to *ἄρθρος* in Greek and *homo* in Latin. See Gen. v, 1, 2.

(*enosh*).—Man—frail, weak, mortal.

(*eesh*).—Man—active, energetic, emphatically "a man," like *vir* in Latin, and *ἄρης* in Greek.

(*gever*).—A man, a strong man, a hero.

(*zákâr.*)—A man as distinguished from a woman; a male.

Now, a very little reflection must serve to convince any one at all conversant with the nature of language how much the whole force and meaning of a passage, the energy and point of a sentence, may depend upon the particular one of these six words that the writer may have chosen to employ. Those readers who are capable of consulting the original Hebrew are referred to the following in the Book of Job, as illustrative of my meaning:

Job xi, 3. Job v, 7; vii, 20; xi, 12; xiv, 1, 10. Job i, 1, 3, 8; ii, 3. Job iv, 13, 17; vii, 1, 17; ix, 2; xxv, 6—the last of which passages may be rendered thus:

“How much less mortal man, that is a *reptile!*
And the son of Adam, who is a worm!”

Job iii, 3; xiv, 10—the last of which passages may be rendered thus:

“But the *hero* dies, and is laid prostrate,
Yea, man (every child of Adam) breathes his last, and
where is he?”

But it would be impossible within these brief limits fully to illustrate the peculiar power of such synonyms, and the special adaptation of each particular term to express that very idea it is designed to convey. There are seven or eight terms for “rain.” Thus we have “rain in general,” “heavy rain,” “abundant rain,” “stormy rain,” “hairy, thin, small rain;” “the former rain,” which fell in Palestine from the middle of October to the middle of December, and prepared the soil for the reception of the seed, and “the latter rain,” which fell in March and April before the harvest.

Again, there is one word for “sleep,” another for “slumber,” and another for “deep sleep,” such as that into which Adam was cast in order that Eve might be produced out of his wounded side. There are twelve terms reducible under the same generic notion of “seeing,” and seven or eight under that of “speaking.”

One term signifies “to look,” another “to behold,” another “to perceive.” One “to look upon with favor,” another “to glance at,” and another “to inspect narrowly or closely.” We have one term for “looking forth as from a watch-tower,” another “to look down from a height,” another “to look upon with envy.” We have one term implying “to speak rashly,” another “to speak oracularly,” and another “to speak so as to announce or publish.” We have one word for “a lion” in general, another for “a full-grown young lion,” another for “a lion’s cub,” and another for “a strong lion”—Psalm

xxxiv, 10. How many passages of the Old Testament might be illustrated by careful reference to the distinctive import of the Hebrew terms, which, in these and other instances, the writers have been led to employ!

In order more fully to illustrate what has been said relative to the expressive richness of Hebrew, I would direct the attention of my reader to the beautiful phraseology of the 19th Psalm. The literal rendering of the 1st and 2d verses may thus be given:

“The heavens are *telling* the glory of God,
The firmament *displaying* the work of his hands
Day unto day *wellet forth* speech,
Night unto night *breatheth out* knowledge.”

Thus the four distinct terms in the original are preserved in the translation; and the overflowing fullness with which day unto day pours forth Divine instruction, and the gentle whisperings of the silent night, are contrasted, as in the Hebrew.

This expressive, self-descriptive quality constitutes the Hebrew, perhaps, the most *picturesque* of all languages. The words do not serve merely to distinguish persons or objects, but serve, at the same time, to call up before the mind the *qualities* of the objects to which they are applied. A verse of Scripture, read in any faithful translation, will accurately convey the information or instruction contained in the original. But the same verse in Hebrew will do more than this. It will suggest to the mind of the reader a host of interesting associations.

Macaulay remarks of Milton, “The effect of his poetry is produced not so much by what it expresses as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas it directly conveys as by other ideas which are connected with them.” The same may be said of Hebrew. Its terms are suggestive of thoughts which no version could convey, because pregnant with unuttered meanings which the most faithful translator would fail in attempting to present in another language. This fact may serve to show the *kind* of benefit to be derived from the study of the original Scriptures. Such study is not needed in order that we may rightly understand and enjoy the great doctrines of revelation, or in order that we may apprehend those practical directions, or feel the force of those exhortations which the Scriptures contain. All things needful for life and godliness may be gathered from the prayerful perusal of our common English Bible. But in seeking to feed upon the truth ourselves, or in endeavoring to expound that truth to others, we may be often much assisted by the suggestive fullness inherent in the terms of the original tongues.

CHARITY AND ITS PLACE IN WOMAN'S LIFE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY J. F. HURST.

THE following essay was written in 1828 by Madame Eliza Guizot, and has been inserted by M. Guizot, her husband, who long survived her, in his late remarkable work, *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps*. The original French is much fuller than we have rendered the English, so that our work is not a strict translation, but a condensed paraphrase. The sentiments of the authoress were not for the press merely, but were the feelings of her heart, and four years later proved to be her exact experience. In 1832 Paris was suffering from the cholera, when people had more than they could do to bury their relatives. This was a trying time for charitable hearts, but she who had written and counseled knew well how to act. It is not without apology that M. Guizot bears witness to his wife's labors. Every body will accept it, and thank him for the favor: "My wife determined under these distressing circumstances to take care of the poor families afflicted with the cholera committed to her charge. She spent many hours out of every day in personal attention and direction, in assisting the convalescent and comforting the sick and prostrate. Her youth, her activity, her sympathetic serenity of manner soon gained the confidence of the suffering, the physicians, the commissioners of charity, and of all who, in her district, were either the objects or co-laborers of her work. She was in constant demand for visits, assistance, and counsel. I was often visited at my cabinet and asked, 'Is Madame Guizot here?' Many times through the day I saw her come home from errands of mercy and quietly set out again, never satisfied unless with the sick. And this she continued to do till the cholera invaded our household and required her services there." France, however, can present the names of many noble women who have given their talents, wealth, and labors to the cause of charity. The work has enlisted much attention every-where of late, especially in England. May its tens of votaries multiply to thousands! If we have the pestilence, the fever, the sword, and the blasts of winter, thank God we have many a Madame Guizot, Elizabeth Fry, and Florence Nightingale to soften their asperity!

WE frequently hear the complaint that woman's sphere is restricted, that it stands in insignificant contrast with man's vast and varied field of labor. And for this inaction and obscurity, the laws of society—and I was almost going to say those of Providence, too—are charged with all the blame. But from what classes do we hear these complaints and reproaches? Is it from those walks of life in which the brutality of a husband is a constant threat to wife and children, or whose idleness and dissipation have brought a happy household to beggary and starvation? No, indeed; those poor women who have such burdens as these to bear never lament the

condition of their sex. Their minds have not enough of leisure to think of the contracted influence they exert, and, if perchance they reflect a moment on their lot, we hear their sigh for repose, and not for activity.

But I am quite sure that those of my sex who wish for a greater scepter would not exchange their present state for a brilliant and giddy life, which is blessed with so few real joys and is subject to so many imminent dangers. Most surely God never granted woman the gift of pleasing and the power of loving to lavish them upon unworthy objects, to squander them in unbridled and undignified affections. The influence she possessed in the drawing-room during the last century was not so much loved by her because it contributed to the reign of her worse nature, but because it gave animation to a life that would otherwise have seemed at once too brief and too tedious. It is *ennui*—that scourge of those who know no other—that constitutes the real malady of many women who are born to ease and affluence. To this, then, you must attribute all the prevalent uneasiness and discontent concerning our restricted realm. If you ask for proof look at the well-known fact that when the times are quiet and no great interest at stake, these complaints are common, but just so soon as society becomes thoroughly agitated, and great principles are endangered, you hear nothing of them. Woman is then satisfied to trust in man as her natural protector. Besides her *ennui* is relieved, and she complains no longer.

Mysterious, indeed, that seasons of political trouble and convulsion should be the most salutary to woman! Let us look into our hearts and examine ourselves. *The result will be that ennui is rather a sin than a misfortune.* If the laws of society restrain us from the performance of certain duties, have we done every thing in our power to do? If many doors have been locked against us, are there not others that would be opened if we but knock at them? If God has kindly exempted many of us from physical labor, can we conclude that he has also released us from all moral occupation? If we have no part in the management of our country, are we relieved of all responsibility? It is a fatal mistake that many make to imagine that they have fulfilled their mission if they have performed their duty to their families, that neither God nor man could ask any more. You have many a vacant hour after all household duties are discharged. It is for these hours—which would bring *ennui* if unemployed—that I make my plea. And I do it, too, in the name of duty, and the soul's best interests.

The charity for which I contend is not that

one-sided, superficial beneficence that is satisfied with giving food and clothing to the unfortunates whom chance has thrown in our way, but that provident and elevated virtue that embraces all needy ones, that addresses itself to every want, to the sufferings of the soul as well as of the body, *and which gives something more than bread to those whom it takes under its protection.* The present age is a fitting season for the manifestation of it, for never has there been a greater necessity for true charity. One great merit the last century had, notwithstanding all its wrongs and moral weakness; namely, it loved men—all men. After all, it is this sympathy toward all, this desire for the dignity and happiness of every human being that has done so much and is still to do far more for the progress of modern society. Humanity has in these latter days been erroneously interpreted; it has been disfigured, travestied, and obscured, it has been rendered odious and immoral under the title of "equality," it has appeared ridiculous under that of "philanthropy." But it has resisted every blow and survived all opposition. After the many trials of its strength, and numberless reactions and misconceptions, it has reappeared, and once more assumed its lofty throne. This respect and care of man under circumstances of every nature, and in all the phases of his destiny, is what I call *humanity*, and this is the genius of our age. It is this that is going to take possession of the world's future and render it productive.

Emphatically the time for charity has come. For ages the rich, the powerful, and the happy of earth have ignored the poor and the feeble. But it is not so now. At the present day they come prominently before the public mind, and society is demanding strict justice for them. Magnificent promises have been made them; I trust they will be realized. I am earnestly awaiting the amelioration of the destitute, and I expect it to be a union of moral attention and culture with the alleviation of temporal sorrows. Never have there been such great facilities for its accomplishment as exist this hour. Formerly charity had many obstacles in its way. Often it had to prosecute its purposes blindly and hazardously; consequently, it has been censured with missing its aim and propagating the very evils that it had been trying to exterminate. But now every body is willing to come to its aid. Not only can it reckon on the concurrence of the laws and of public administration, but it can act with the aid of a more intelligent popular mind. The most powerful and distinguished men are trying to solve the difficult problems with which it has always had to grapple. The amelioration of man and the solace of his woes are forming

a science whose limits and methods of operation are thoroughly studied and carefully explained.

At the same time that charity, thus elevated to the rank of a science, draws service from the greatest minds, it stands in need of innumerable agents. It is a power which obeys the two conditions common to every undertaking of man—unity of design and division of labor. The principle of association is continually incorporating itself with the exercise of it—a principle which does not stand in awe of lofty theories, and does not despise the weakest coöoperators. Like those wonderful pieces of machinery where a child's hand can, by a touch, produce great power, it admits weakness, inexperience, and even ignorance to carry out the designs of science, and to realize the aspirations of genius. Thus its great enterprises are executed, and an astounding result springs from the obscurest efforts.

Away, then, with all pretext and excuse. Every one who has any spare time can do a great deal. Women have the time, and they have that, too, which is far more necessary to the success of charity; they have affection, sympathy, an imagination easily enlisted, tears ready to flow abundantly, tender and penetrating tones, in a word, every thing that human nature understands, accepts, and loves. It is only at the price of these that charity can realize its promises; by these it can realize more than it would dare to promise. Let us not forget the times in which we live. The regard for science and rule exercise too much control over us. Proud of our methodical power and regular civilization, we are too much inclined to work for charity by calculation and legally-authorized means; but printed pictures, public commissioners and distributors can not do enough. You can not comfort the suffering so easily and with so little expense. Science and administration are very good as far as they go, but the trouble is they do not go far enough. For the true success of charity there must be something besides intelligence and a well-ordered activity. There must be a soul, a feeling soul, which will labor after more than physical comfort, will render beneficence sweet at the same time that it is useful, and will call forth between the benefactor and the unfortunate one that mutual feeling of attachment which is the only bond of the moral efficacy of their relations. Such a soul as this woman especially can take with her in her charitable mission, and thus a pleasure can be imparted to the recipients of benefaction which is well-nigh lost through the scientific and administrative frigidity of our century.

Let there be no mistake; it is not only the leisure of time but that of the imagination and

the heart as well that woman must bestow upon the suffering. However great her talents are they do not become useless by charitable exercises. Owing to her social position she can not confer on her country certain gifts that she may possess, but then she can bless it with her infinite resources of sympathy and affection. Placed by God in some respects below man, she can join herself, through her power of loving, to the Infinite Being who rewards faith and realizes hope, but reserves for charity alone the privilege of an eternity like his own.

My feelings on this momentous subject are intense, and I would that others of my sex could share them. I would that they embrace in their earthly mission the exercise of charitable deeds, for I am confident they would here find a remedy for the evil so many of them lament—the want of employment for time and mind. In view of the extensive demands upon our beneficence many hesitate to commence—they must not hesitate at the widest field. Then there are others who would fain do every thing—let them undertake but little. I have just read a work by Dr. Chalmers, *Civic and Christian Economy*, in which he shows with astonishing clearness the folly of wishing to do every thing on a great scale, and of looking contemptuously on those little enterprises that are sure of success. To say nothing of the moral danger attendant upon brilliant projects, it is very evident that no one, especially a female, has sufficient time or means for a very great or a very varied undertaking. Let it be once begun without a proper foundation and you dissipate those energies that, exerted in a narrower circle, would have taken immediate effect. I am supported by the valuable authority of Chalmers when I say that it is an imperative duty to restrict our charity to proper bounds, and then to rule it rigorously. I know it is extremely difficult to see suffering in our midst, and, only separated from it by an imaginary line, to have the hand of charity fettered. The heart revolts at such a spectacle, and we accuse ourselves of unkindness. But sometimes when real objects of beneficence present themselves it is better to refrain from giving any thing if, by withholding, we could make a more generally-useful application of our contributions. The terms *beneficence* and *charity* do not denote the same disposition of mind nor the same outward acts. Beneficence is no more the charity of philosophers than charity is the beneficence of devotees. Beneficence is the science of charity, the torch that kindles its fire, the reason of the charitable emotions. Beneficence and charity are neither synonymous nor contradictory. They have a separate existence, but they join hands.

The demands for and combinations of a deeply-planned beneficence were not foreign to the mind of Chalmers when he applied himself to the amelioration of the poor with reference to their final salvation. The philanthropic Howard possessed all those emotions of charity that confer the charm and recompense of affection upon the actions that duty prompted. Let things have their proper place, then, and let the example of these illustrious friends of men teach us to mingle the dictates of reason with the affections of the heart, science with love, beneficence with charity.

The more you give the more you will wish to give, has been often said, but it has never been said enough. Still charity is only fruitful when you properly regulate it. Lavish benefactions without regard to circumstances and the results will be too meager to encourage yourself or any one else. Enlist your attention in favor of some special form of suffering or unhappiness, however limited your circle of duty may be. Let the world see that at least one plea for human kindness has been heard, that the aspect of one spot has been changed for the better. Let all men know that power and patience have been attained by a person or an association and soon other individuals and associations will hasten to your side, glad to occupy the ground that you have not been able to cultivate, and to minister to necessities that you have been forced to neglect. What has been done for that one can be done for this, for he is just as easily relieved. Yonder is a street that owes its improvement and happiness to a lady of my acquaintance, and the street that I live in stands in need of the same attention and kindness. *And thus should ameliorations be propagated by charity till the Holy Spirit shall have renovated the face of the globe.*

We have all lately seen a remarkable instance of the utility of well-organized systems of contribution. The sufferings and heroism of the Greeks touched every heart, and the desire to help them was universal. The Greek committee determined on collections, and women were charged with them. They went to work immediately, but with an irregularity and impetuosity of zeal peculiar to our nature. What was the result? Some people were asked six times for money, others had never been asked at all. Some streets had been over-visited, others had never been entered. So complaints came in from all quarters. It was said the collectors had not done their duty. They were, therefore, called in and distrusted. The result was soon perceptible, and it was owing to this regularity of operation in collection that many a noble son of Greece with

his wife and children were saved from death. This division of labor is absolutely necessary in order that every one know his part, and be competent to the performance of it. Thus much time is saved by avoiding all uncertainty, by preventing every double work, and, above all, by leaving to each one to choose that speciality of employment that conforms most strictly with his tastes, his position, and his fitness. In associations, I mean those whose objects are not very diversified, what little aid we may perform advances the general work. You would hardly find an individual who could afford a day from every week for charitable labor, but ask an hour only and thousands will come to your aid.

Another motive induces us not to widen to an improper measure the sphere of our benefactions. The moral maladies are very great, and must not be overlooked amid the prevailing spiritual ones. Here is a man weeping bitterly because he has had no bread to eat to-day, but yonder is another who has no desire to cast off his brutality or his apathy. You can not expect the suffering soul to inform you so quickly of its ailments as the body does. And if we can wait without any great hazard till the poor give us information of their physical wants, it is not so with their soul's exigencies. We can not expect to learn them from themselves. They are more ignorant of them than we are, and if they sometimes know their religious destitution it gives them no trouble whatever. Let us take care, then, not to make use of the same treatment and remedies in every case. One requires moral and another physical attention. We should do all in our power to get the suffering classes within the sphere of our spiritual guidance. Let us get them into our places where restorative means will be put forth for body and mind. The feast was ready, says the evangelist, but those who had been invited did not come. Let us force the needy to enter the houses we have reared for them, but let it be the compulsion of love. Let us go after them; let us enter their families, and tell this mother of a place where she can spend her days in pleasanter labor than she now has, and where she will be free from the contagion of evil passions. Let us give the Bible to this old man whose limbs are deprived of motive power, and whose life is a very burden to him. Let us send this little boy to school who now spends all his strength in fighting and all his intelligence in trickery. Let us find a good apprenticeship for the little girl who wanders about the streets with cakes and flowers for sale, where, alas! her face is often met by awful scenes of corruption. Let us get a promise from the head of that family that he will spend his time in useful pursuits

that he now prostitutes to gambling. Let us speak to him of his duties, his true interests; of his wife, his children, and their future; make an appeal to those plain and honest feelings engendered by consanguinity, and, perhaps, order will reenter the household, the domestic bonds will again become effective, and a family will be restored to peace, to virtue, and to God. Truly we ought to thank God for calling us to a mission like this. If we fulfill it faithfully we shall be able to exclaim with Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

The difficulties are formidable, I know it well. Often we shall have to retrace our steps, many pains will be lost, and what is more, many hopes will be frustrated. When you enter into relations with the lowest classes at every step you will come against a brazen wall of distrusts and prejudices. But who can surmount them if women can not? Nature seems to call her to this work, for her very weakness here becomes power. The most hardened man is conquered by her appeals of true affection, for she can speak with an earnestness that is bound to succeed. She is particularly impressed with misfortune and suffering in private life, for the domestic field is at once her joy and her existence. And let her mind once be enlisted, and all the feelings of her nature are bestowed upon the subject of her sympathy. Her heart can feel for the bereft one who has lost her only son as no one else can. Let her belong to the wealthiest family, and when she feels for the sorrows of the poor she will lose sight of her rank, her luxury, and her wealth. She will be a woman—nothing more. Men can feel much and do much, but they can never attain to this perfect intimacy with unhappiness.

We have still another influence over the poor that men do not possess. Men are the executors of law, the representatives of Divine justice on earth, and they can not, therefore, always be indulgent. They can not always be mild and pardon, but are forced to be serious and unrelenting. Thank heaven, we have no such work as this to do. The suffering of our race do not associate feelings of hard justice with our nature. They think upon us and look upon us as sympathizers. Women of the nineteenth century, there must be an all-pervading charity. It must be friendly, earnest, and so strong as to pay regard to the soul's great wants by banishing the corrupt passions and propensities. Then will it become the bond by which the various orders of society will be united in pleasant and harmonious relations. But never expect inequality to disappear from human life; all the charitable

institutions that men could rear can not destroy it. It is a condition of our being. Do not labor, then, for its extermination, notwithstanding we have lately heard so much about "equality." Remember that the afflicted man craves something more than gold. *He wants to be known, understood, loved, and treated as a brother.* Yours is the holy task of administering consolation to him. Let us efface from his mind all the avidity and bitterness that inequality in temporal circumstances has stamped upon his mind. Let us find him, no matter where he is, and teach him that in the larger dwellings of our city there are souls that feel for him, and are striving to sweeten his bitter cup. However wealthy we may be, let us remember the poverty of him to whom we minister, and the time will come when he will pardon us for being rich. Let us go to work in earnest, for now is the accepted time and the day of salvation. If we do not improve the present hour the day will come that we shall repent our supineness in dust and ashes. Time is very brief, and we are hastening to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. But, short as life is, we can each employ it—at least a little of it—upon those to whom life is a burden. Are you subject to depression of spirits? The duties to which charity calls you will be an unfailing consolation if you perform them, till in time they become a pastime rather than a task. If Providence has placed us in favorable circumstances, as far as the necessities of life are concerned, we shall never make a suitable return for such kindness unless we work with hand and heart for the alleviation of human sorrow.

THE VISIT OF THE BARDS.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

How softly in my quiet room
The pale moon sheds her tender beams,
As in alternate light and gloom
I weave my fancy dreams!
 Around my bed
 Mine own loved dead
Look on me with their faded eyes,
 While from the tombs of ages fled
The kings of song arise.
They come from silent Syrian shades,
 From Grecian groves and Roman bowers,
Their proud brows wreathed with laurel braids,
 Their quaint harps twined with flowers.
 In lofty strain,
 With clear refrain,
That fills the listening soul with fire,
 Those grand old minstrels sing again
The triumphs of the lyre.

They sing of Israel's monarch, Saul,
 That king unmoved by love or fear,
Who even from the dead dared call
 Jehovah's aged seer;
 He who had lain
 His hands profane
On God's own priests with malice deep;
 Yet gentle David's melting strain
Could make the tyrant weep.

They sing of that barbaric court
 Where Nero's hand the scepter swayed,
And of the wild arena's sport
 Where brethren were betrayed;
 Where kindred ties
 And infant cries
Woke laughter rude and heartless jeers;
 Yet let the voice of song arise,
That fiend was moved to tears.

They sing of harps victorious all,
 Of lyres triumphant every-where;
Of minstrels crowned in bower and hall
 By knight and lady fair.
 I strive in vain
 To learn the strain
That haunts me with its mystic tone;
 There let me sink to sleep again,
For bards and harps are gone.

THIRTY.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE, ESQ.

THE wood has leaved and the violet blown,
 The summer smiled and the farmer wrought,
The autumn faded, the swallow flown,
 The country sold and the city bought
 For thirty years and over;
And I a bachelor all forlorn,
 Wondering why I was ever born,
Have watched the roses bud and blow,
 And thirty summers come and go—
 Summer, and corn, and clover.

Over the sea are cities old,
 And nations great, and wise, and strong;
Under the earth are gems and gold,
 And under the stars are love and song—
 And hope, and work, and duty;
And one beauteous angel, a maiden rare,
 With smooth, white forehead and golden hair,
And pure, sweet eyes that will never grow old,
 And love that can never be bought nor sold,
 And soul of celestial beauty.

Adieu, O thirty years, adieu!
 Summers, and swallows, and roses, and wood;
New roses bloom and old friends are true,
 Earth is beautiful, God is good,
 And Rosa is an angel;
Precious, radiant, blooming, rare,
 With smooth, white forehead and golden hair,
And dear, sweet eyes that will never grow old,
 And love far better than lands and gold—
 A rosy, radiant angel.

SPLENDID OFFERS.

BY SHEELAH.

EIGHT o'clock of a clear, frosty morning, and the breakfast-bell pealed forth its cheering invitation. Mrs. Randal, in a comfortable gown of gray merino trimmed with black—she was a widow wearing second mourning—took her seat at the head of her well-spread table, and from behind the tea and coffee service of shining plated-ware, smilingly greeted each boarder as, one after another, they entered the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Albright; first as usual," she exclaimed as a rosy-faced little man, with black hair and eyes, stepped briskly in and took his seat. He had scarcely time to reply when the door opened, and a large, elderly lady of sedate air, followed by a tall, self-possessed girl, came sweeping in.

"Good morning, Mrs. Warwick—Miss Warwick," smiled and nodded the landlady. "Another cold day," she added, glancing at the thick shawls which they hugged around them.

"Bitter, bitter," was the laconic reply of the elder lady as she drew a plate of hot toast toward her, and the door again opened.

A lady of delicate and refined aspect, followed by a stylish-looking man with foreign air, now entered, bowing gracefully around; and then came, in quick succession, a gentleman, two ladies, another gentleman, another, and all had assembled.

Meanwhile, conversation had been progressing. They talked of sleighing and skating, of dancing and opera-going, each expressing his or her opinion as to the best method of beguiling the inclement season.

"What lady was it," inquired Mr. Albright, "whom I heard to say that she only lived in winter? Wasn't it *you*, Miss Kennedy?"

"No," replied the lady addressed, "I live the year round. Every season has charms for me. Perhaps it was Miss Schofield."

"Not so," rejoined the gentleman, turning a gentle look upon a small, fair girl dressed in black, who was seated next him, "the source from which Miss Schofield's enjoyments flow must be the same every month in the twelve."

"How do you know the source of her enjoyments?" inquired Miss Warwick. "Have you confessed her?"

"I hope not," interposed a fashionable-looking man at Miss Warwick's side; "I claim that privilege as exclusively mine; and, to show that it is so, Miss Schofield, you will favor me with your company this morning for a ride in my new sleigh."

"But I do n't want 'to show that it is so,' Mr. Talcott," replied the little beauty with a merry smile.

"Of course not," said Mr. Albright. "You see, Talcott, there's no use in pretending to an influence you do n't possess."

"I think you are both deceiving yourselves," exclaimed the foreign-looking gentleman from the other end of the table, "for, if I have any judgment in the matter, Miss Schofield prefers Mr. Eastman to either of you."

"I fear, Mr. Tete, you are as much in the dark as any one," observed the young man indicated; "Miss Schofield has never given me one ray of hope."

"If my opinion were worth expressing," said Mrs. Randal, "I should say that the Count was the favorite."

This important personage laid his hand on his heart, murmuring, "Would that I were!" and, in the midst of a general laugh, some of the party having finished breakfast, pushed back their chairs and arose.

A little later and the company had separated, the ladies to seek amusing occupation and the gentlemen to their cigars and morning papers.

"What are you going to do, Miss Warwick?" inquired Miss Kennedy as the two girls joined in passing from the room.

"I am going to learn a new opera piece," was the reply.

"Well, I'll get some work and come to your room to hear you play."

"I pity your ears, then," said Mrs. Warwick, who was going before; "for my part I always try to escape the practicing of a new piece. I'm going now to see Mrs. Schofield," and the good lady knocked at a door which she had just reached.

"Do n't you find music very cold occupation in frosty weather?" asked Miss Kennedy as she entered the sitting-room of the Warwick ladies with a basket of colored wools in one hand and a small frame containing canvas in the other.

"Yes," replied Miss Warwick, turning partly round on the music-stool, "the keys chill my fingers, but when I get into the spirit of the science I no longer feel cold or any thing else."

"I suppose 'the science' is to you what flirtation is to Miss Schofield—a necessary enjoyment."

"Or what pleasure and dress are to you—excuse me! ahem; but you see we all have some idol to worship—heathenish creatures we are."

No answer to this saucy retort had Miss Kennedy ready; so she smiled, and, glancing at an opposite mirror, where her elegant person, habited in a costly robe-de-chambre, and decked

with the richest ornaments of a morning toilet, was fully portrayed, lifted her working-frame, with the observation—

"You must not let me interfere with your music lesson; you know I came to hear you play."

Miss Warwick turned to the instrument, dashed her hands over the keys, and almost instantly whirled round again.

"*N'importe l'*" she exclaimed, "I feel like talking; tell me, how would you like to be Miss Schofield, and have all those fellows dying about you?"

"O, I should hate it!" was the reply. "I should feel sure it was my money they were after."

"But if you were she you could not feel so, for you know she has only a small income."

"True, then it would n't annoy me so much. In any case I could put up with the attentions of the Count. It would be no punishment to drive round in his elegant chariot, or to appear at the opera and theater under his escort; but as to the others I do n't see much use I could make of them."

"Mr. Talcott is as rich as the Count."

"Yes, but there is no *prestige* about him."

Miss Warwick's lip slightly curled as she repeated "*prestige*."

"Well," said Miss Kennedy, without appearing to notice this, "how should you like it yourself to be in Miss Schofield's place—'admired of all admirers'?"

An imperious toss of the head accompanied the quick reply,

"O, I should have no patience with their mawkish love-making. I might occasionally amuse myself with Mr. Albright's wit; but I could not spare time from my studies to flaunt about in chariots, and the only public place I care about is the Music Hall, where mother affords me sufficient escort. But you and I, who have not our fortunes to make by matrimony, may speak lightly of Miss Schofield's beaux; yet we must admit they are all unexceptionable, and there are few young ladies who have so many fine offers. I only hope the little puss in making her selection will hit on the most advantageous."

A light tap was now heard at the door, which was followed by the waitress, carrying a book. It was one Miss Warwick had lent to Miss Schofield, and was now returned with the young lady's compliments and thanks.

"Where is Miss Schofield, Mary?" inquired Miss Warwick.

"In her own room, ma'am," said the girl. "I've just been up to her with the Count's card,

begging the honor and felicity of her company for a sleigh-ride."

"And is she going, Mary?"

"No, ma'am. She'd like to, but she can't after refusing Mr. Talcott to go with him."

Miss Kennedy had stepped to one of the windows when mention was made of the Count's sleigh, and now stood looking out, while her fingers toyed with the costly trifles of her châtelaine. Miss Warwick joined her.

Before the door stood a vehicle which was the wonder of New York and the pride of St. Mark's Place—a sleigh of rare and elegant design, highly varnished and gilt, its panels adorned with a coroneted crest, and its luxurious cushions covered with a robe of the long and silky fur of the white bear. The shining horses, in their silver-mounted harness, arched their proud necks and pawed the crisp snow, while two servants, in rich livery of crimson and gold, held guard over the stately equipage. As the two ladies looked on the lordly owner descended the door steps, cast himself with a disappointed air upon the yielding cushion, the spirited horses sprang forward, the light runners shot over the glistening snow, and in a few seconds the gay vehicle was lost to sight.

Miss Kennedy now thought it was time her visit should close; it had lasted an hour, during which time not one stitch had been set in the canvas—not one bar had been struck of the opera piece.

"What a princely turnout that is!" said Mrs. Warwick, returning to her seat on Mrs. Schofield's sofa, for she, too, had gone to the window to look at the Count's sleigh.

"Yes," said Mrs. Schofield with a languid sigh, "every thing about him is princely. The description he gives of his chateau in Europe, his retinue, his plate, and all his surroundings, is dazzling. Amanda can have no ambition or she would not refuse him."

"And then Mr. Talcott," suggested Mrs. Warwick, "he also is rich."

"Rich! yes! he made more money in California than can be counted. Amanda does not realize the value of wealth and independence in her own land or she would look kindly on him."

"What a smart, intelligent man Mr. Albright is!" was Mrs. Warwick's next remark.

"O, is n't he!" exclaimed Mrs. Schofield. "He is nearly at the top of his profession, and if Amanda knew how to appreciate intellect, she would be proud of his preference."

"Then there's Mr. Eastman; what a nice young man he is!" again observed Mrs. Warwick.

"Why, surely! one of the finest young men you 'd meet," was the ready response; "and with large expectations, too. His uncle is one of the first merchants of the city, and he is named as his heir. If Amanda desired an amiable and affectionate companion, where would she find one more suitable than Mr. Eastman? There is also Mr. Boliver, the member of Congress, who owns a beautiful estate on the banks of the Hudson. To be sure, he is a widower with three children, but they would not be much incumbrance when there is plenty for them, and it is something to be the wife of a man of distinction, who may one day hold the helm of state. Yet," continued the good lady, "with all those splendid offers, the silly child does not think of settling herself."

"Do you ever advise her, Mrs. Schofield?" inquired the visitor.

"Well, no, that duty does not properly belong to me. Though she is under my protection, I am not her guardian, and I do n't care to burden myself with a responsibility not devolving upon me."

A low tap was now heard at the door, and the modest face of the waitress appeared.

"Looking for Miss Schofield, ma'am," she said, glancing round; "she's not in her own room."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Schofield, "she's sitting with Miss Kennedy or Mrs. Tete."

The girl withdrew, and Mrs. Warwick, with a hope that she would soon see Mrs. Schofield quite well and able to resume her place at the breakfast table, arose to take leave.

No grave converse was interrupted as Mary, after knocking, opened the door of Mrs. Tete's cheerful sitting-room. In a rocking-chair near the stove sat the fair young mother, her infant daughter in her lap, while on a low ottoman near reclined the young lady whom Mary sought, offering her bright chestnut hair as a plaything for the dimpled fingers of the crowing babe.

The girl delivered her errand. A bouquet had come for Miss Schofield, accompanied by a note. The former she had left in the young lady's room, the latter she now put into her hand.

"Do n't be in a hurry, Mary," said Mrs. Tete, as the pretty waitress was moving away; "come here and see baby, and tell me how you and that handsome plumber are getting on."

The maiden's face became suffused with crimson as she replied,

"O, there's nothing about the plumber, ma'am, only he comes to mend the Croton pipes when the frost bursts them."

"Very well, Mary," said the lady, her eyes twinkling with mirth, "and is that what brings him on Sunday evenings when your turn to stay

home? or was that the business he was on the night Mr. Tete saw you and him at the Broadway Theater?"

"It must have been some other girl Mr. Tete saw, ma'am," said Mary as she ran out of the room.

Mrs. Tete's eyes now sought those of her young friend. To their unuttered query the latter replied,

"From Mr. Eastman; he wants me to go to the opera this evening."

"And will you go?"

"I can't, my guardian is coming to take me to a lecture; but I must go and answer the note immediately, to prevent his procuring tickets."

"How will you send your answer?"

"By the dispatch."

"Then he may not get it, the dispatch is not reliable."

"True. Well, Mary will get me a boy who will take it to his office for a shilling."

After laying her soft lips to the baby's cheek, neck, and arms, she arose, tucked up her loosened tresses, and left the room.

An hour later and Mary was again tripping up stairs.

"Really, Miss Schofield," she said as her smiling face appeared at that lady's door, "your beaux keep me in exercise."

"What is it now, Mary?"

"I think it is books, ma'am," said the girl, laying a parcel on the table.

The young lady cut the string.

"Tennyson's Poems," she soliloquized, then opened a note which lay between the volumes. "From Mr. Albright, begging my acceptance—no, I can not; I like Mr. Albright too well to deceive him, and a gift should not be retained where there is no tender regard for the giver. Mary," and she raised her eyes to the girl, who stood observing her, "can you wait while I write a line? I want you to take these books and a note to Mr. Albright's room."

Mary did not speak a remonstrance; instead thereof, she fixed her eyes on Mr. Eastman's bouquet, now standing in a glass of water.

"Yes, Mary," said the young lady, perceiving the direction of her glance, "those flowers have to go back to the donor, also. Now, do n't say a word; flowers are perishable things, and, under ordinary circumstances, might be accepted; but a handful of rare plants in the depth of winter is a costly present, so costly that there is but one man in the world who should go to that expense on my account, and who he is I do not yet know."

A dainty little note was inclosed in a parcel with the books to be left in Mr. Albright's

apartment, the delicate flowers, in a glass of water, were sent to shed their perfume round the chamber of their generous purchaser, and the fair object of so much flattery, with a weary yawn, resumed her embroidery.

"I hope it's not going to snow again," said Miss Kennedy, glancing out at the darkening sky as she took her seat at the lunch-table.

"Suppose it should," said Mrs. Tete, "will it interfere with any arrangement of yours?"

"Yes; if it continues till evening it will prevent my going to the opera; and Ned complains that almost every time he wants to take me out the weather is unpropitious."

"Then can't he entertain you at home," inquired Mrs. Randal, "by devoting the time to soft talk?"

"O, that sort of thing does not exist between Ned and me," was the reply, "we've understood each other long ago."

"And what is the understanding?" asked Miss Warwick. "We're just a few ladies together, and you might tell us about it."

"To be sure I will," was the unembarrassed answer; "there's not much to tell. My mother was a poor girl, who earned her bread, and was not troubled with lovers. My father, a hard-working mechanic, noticed her industry and economy, and, thinking she would be a help-meet for him, proposed to her. She knew he was an honest, well-conducted man, and, feeling it would be pleasant to have a home and protection, married him. They made money fast; my brothers and sisters all died, and there was only me to expend it on. I was but a child at school when I knew I should be an heiress, and saw in prospect the swarm of vampires who would surround my dollars and cents. I knew I was no better looking and not half as worthy as my mother had been in her neglected youth, and I resolved that no man on earth should be enriched by her earnings."

"Ned Briant was a neighbor's son, and his sisters, Jane and Maggie, were my dearest friends. He was a brother to me as well as to them, and his protection shielded me from would-be lovers. The girls are both married, but his friendship is the same to me yet; and as long as I retain it I shall be saved the persecutions of fortune-hunters. Now you have the whole story, and a very commonplace one it is, without any romance."

"And are you not engaged to that gentleman?" inquired Mrs. Warwick, in surprise.

"No, ma'am! I'm not engaged to any gentleman on earth. I'll enjoy my mother's money while I live, and what I leave after me shall go to the Church she loved."

There was a pause. The ladies exchanged glances, and ate in silence. At length Mrs. Tete raised her gentle face, and said softly,

"You do n't know, Miss Kennedy, how much happiness you are casting from you." The young wife, in her own overflowing content, thought all matrimony bliss.

But a short laugh was her only reply, and the heiress turned to Miss Warwick, saying,

"Now, *ma chère*, I have made a clean breast; you do the same; tell us what you think of the lordly sex."

"I do n't think of them at all," was the ready answer. "Mother says I must n't think of them till they think of me, and they won't do so, you know, till I begin to grow handsome."

"There!" said Mrs. Randal, "Miss Kennedy thinks it's money that attracts the gentlemen, and Miss Warwick thinks it's beauty. Now, what do you think, Miss Schofield?"

"Indeed, I do n't know," replied that young lady, "and I believe they scarcely know themselves; but whatever attracts them, it's very hard to shake them off."

This simply-uttered opinion called forth a hearty laugh, at the subsiding of which Mrs. Tete assured the little belle that when *he* came who should have the power to touch her heart, she would feel no desire to shake him off.

"Well, Mary," said Miss Warwick, as she passed from the table, "what say *you*? Do you want to shake off the plumber?" and, without waiting to see the blush which her light query had called to the cheek of the waitress, she ran up stairs, humming a popular ballad.

Evening came, accompanied by a thick fall of snow, which soon drove the gay sleighing-parties home, rolled a fresh carpet over their soiled tracks, and rendered the inside of our warm boarding-house in St. Mark's Place more pleasant than the outside. The gentlemen, some from business and some from pleasure, returned with stiff and whitened coats, and all thoughts of leaving the kindly shelter for either opera or ball-room were at an end.

In the bright and cheery dining-room the light foot of the fair waitress moved about as she arranged the table. Mary took pride in the glittering of her silver, the shining of her glass, and the spotless purity of her damask; and now, as she looked carefully up and down the board to see that all was right, she scarcely heard the cook announce that dinner was ready dished.

The next moment she stood in the hall with her hand on the bell, but paused upon seeing Mr. Talcott, who had just descended the stairs, scrutinize a small, black garment, which hung on the hat-stand, then seize it and press it to his

lips. A low laugh, which made the gentleman start, was followed by the inquiry,

"What are you doing, Mr. Talcott, with Miss Schofield's cloak?"

"Nothing, Mary," he answered; "I only took it in my hand, and wished she was in it."

"In what, sir? in the cloak or in your hand?"

"Tut, Mary! What do you suppose the plumber would wish if he met with a cloak of yours?"

The girl turned quickly away, and the dinner-bell raised its loud voice through the house.

Very gay the company looked as they assembled round the gas-lit table; some in neat, some in elegant, and some in costly dinner-dress. The Count displayed the ordinary amount of cambric ruffles and aristocratic airs; Miss Kennedy rustled and glistened with her usual magnificence; sparks flashed from the rare gems of Mr. Talcott's breast-pin; Mrs. Tete was grace and elegance beside her stately husband; Mrs. and Miss Warwick, the wife and daughter of a wealthy western land-owner, in soft merino dresses, were satisfied to look comfortable; but the fairest of that fair group was the little blushing maiden, who, seated between her aunt and Mr. Albright, seemed all unconscious of her winning charms.

Conversation was dull. The gentlemen had no news. The Count was pompous, Mr. Talcott laconic, Mr. Eastman sentimental, and even Mr. Albright strove in vain to "cast the shadow from his brow." Mrs. Tete and Miss Kennedy discussed the opera and theater; Mrs. Warwick, Mrs. Schofield, and Mrs. Randal exchanged views upon household matters, and Mr. Tete got involved in a controversy with Miss Warwick upon the absolute claims of his country and hers to mental superiority over each other, in the course of which the gentleman's arguments were parried with skill, and the lady's ready supply of repartee, wit, and satire made the conquest hers, and lifted Young America far above the swampy soil of old Holland.

"Well, really, Miss Warwick," exclaimed Mr. Albright, when a pause had been reached in the debate, "your constant flow of spirits is enviable! Whence is the source derived? Is your heart free?"

"Yes! do you want it?"

The gentleman started, his stammering reply was lost in the laughter of the company, and cheerfulness was restored to every face. The restraint once dissipated, and bon-mots, anecdotes, and spicy scraps of intelligence circulated; and now, who that looked into that pleasant room and beheld the gay countenances around its smoking board, would suppose that love,

jealousy, and disappointment were rioting within strong breasts, and that the timid maiden, who made least noise and show, held in her trembling hands the hopes and happiness of the rich, the honored, and the proud!

The bright snows of winter had melted away, and the sparkling icicles vanished. The balmy breath of spring, before which they could not stand, was fanning the earth, and blade, and bud, and leaflet were giving their infant charms to the scene.

No where was the genial season more welcome than to our friends at St. Mark's Place, most of whom were out enjoying the fresh air and sunshine. Mrs. Tete and Miss Kennedy had gone together on a shopping expedition; Mrs. and Miss Warwick were visiting; Mr. Talcott had sprung upon his spirited horse, and, accompanied by a favorite grayhound, galloped to the country; the Count, in his showy chariot, had rolled forth to see and be seen, and the house on that sunny day was silent as midnight.

Yet one room is occupied, and by the two who were seated there, conversing in low and earnest tones, the balmy air and bright sunshine are unheeded.

In a large, easy chair Mrs. Schofield reclines, her eyes intently fixed on the fair girl at her side, whose blushing face is bent over a piece of delicate needle-work, with which her trembling fingers are making but slow progress.

"And so," said the elder lady, "your mind is at last made up."

"My mind never vacillated, aunt Jane," was the reply. "I always intended to fulfill my darling mother's wishes, and, as far as my poor judgment can decide, I think I am doing so now."

"I do n't doubt that, dear, you are a good child; but, Amanda, your mother could not have intended you to marry without love, and surely, after the elegant men whom you have passed unmoved, you can not have fallen in love with Dr. Norton."

"There was nothing," said the young lady, "against which my mother so earnestly warned me as that sentiment miscalled love. She always said that when I should meet a worthy object I should soon learn to love him, and that prediction I have verified in Rupert Norton."

"Well, I should like to know in what his superior merit consists; it certainly is not in his beauty, for he is as homely a man as I ever saw; nor is it in his talent, for he does not display a spark of wit, while his whole fortune is his diploma."

"O, aunt Jane, beauty, talent, or fortune would be but frail pegs for me to hang my heart upon.

Rupert Norton's pure and noble heart and kind and gentle nature, stamp themselves on his countenance, appear in every word and act, and invest his homely person with a grace that mere animal beauty never gives; his good, plain sense and rational understanding are far superior to the sparklings of talent, while his orthodox faith, Christian principles, and genuine piety are better riches than all the perishable possessions of earth. Aunt Jane, I am not choosing a companion for this life alone, but one who will walk, hand in hand, with me through the streets of the eternal city."

"And what opportunities have you had," inquired Mrs. Schofield, "of becoming so well acquainted with Dr. Norton's character? You have not been much in his company."

"He was my dear mother's godson," was the reply, "and while she lived I saw and heard a good deal of him. During the sad season of her sickness and death he was my greatest comfort, and since then we have regularly corresponded."

"O, indeed!" said the aunt in a slightly-of-fended tone. "Then this affair which I hear of to-day for the first time is an old engagement after all!"

"Not so, dear aunt," and the young girl laid her hand caressingly on that of her companion. "As a dear friend and brother I have always regarded Rupert; but that he ever thought of honoring me with a nearer relationship was a happiness of which I did not dream till he came and made proposals yesterday."

"And what says your guardian?"

"At first, like you, Captain Anderson was surprised; but when he learned what my dear mother's teachings had been, how, in her desires for me, she had 'earnestly coveted the best gifts,' and how she had unceasingly prayed that whoever should succeed her in my affections, should lead me, as she had done, in Zion's way, he no longer wondered at my choice, but gave me his free consent and blessing."

"And I, my love, will do the same," said the old lady, drawing the gentle girl to her bosom, and, laying her hand upon the fair young head, breathed a low and tearful prayer, which angels heard as it passed them on its way to the eternal throne.

The announcement of Miss Schofield's engagement created an excitement of no common order in Mrs. Randal's household. The Count could not support the indignity which his *amour propre* had suffered in the rejection of his suit. He raved, swore, threatened suicide, and finally took leave of his friends and set sail for France, declaring his resolution of keeping bachelor's

hall in the chateau of his ancestors for the remainder of his life. Mr. Talcott thought the girl must be a fool who would refuse the fortune with which he could endow her, and, resolving to subdue his luckless passion, he also started to spend the summer months among the gay scenes and proud people of old Europe. Mr. Albright bore his disappointment with apparent fortitude; but very soon he found the weather warm enough to take country board; he told Mrs. Randal in confidence that he found change of scenes and associations necessary. Mr. Eastman made no complaint, sought no relief, but the flute, upon which he had so often told his tale of love in evening hours, now wailed forth the murmurs of a broken heart. The change in his health and spirits was soon observed by his uncle, and he was sent on a tour through Canada and the lakes, and thus before the end of the weeping month of April, Mr. Tete was the only gentleman that Mrs. Randal's house contained.

Quietly and without parade the nuptials of Amanda Schofield were solemnized. On a bright May morning, before the altar of the church in which she had worshiped, her vows were exchanged with Rupert Norton, after which she accompanied him to his humble home in a small town of western New York. And now as she treads the path of life by his side, his strong hand upholding her footsteps, while her gentle presence sheds light upon his heart and hearth, her friends still lament the splendid offers she declined, and speak disdainfully of her lowly lot as the wife of a country practitioner.

ONLY THE WIND AND THE RAIN.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

ONLY the wind and the rain!
Battling along the street
With volleys of driving sleet,
And the tramp of a million feet!
Only the wind and the rain!

Only the wind and the rain!
Why should I heed their might?
My fire is warm and bright,
And I laugh at their baffled spite—
Laugh at the wind and the rain!

Only the wind and the rain!
Yet there was many a night
When I encountered their might,
Weary with hunger and blight,
Under the wind and the rain.

Only the wind and the rain!
O, may God help the poor
How shall their hearts endure
Unless HE help the poor
Against the wind and the rain?

CIRCUMSTANCES.

BY THRAECE TALMON.

PEOPLE and persons are more largely influenced by objective circumstances than appears from a general apprehension. The earliest literature of the Hebrews was strongly imbued with the spirit of poetry. To this contributed their exterior life. The countries in which they dwelt were richly varied in scenery. The land of Ur, a little above the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, grand in open landscape; the beautiful plains of Chaldea; the valley of Shechem, amid the lofty hills to the north of Jericho; the luxuriant lands about the Nile; the vale of Jordan, with its irrigating water-courses; and, above all, that promised land, which is pictured as a place of "brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills, of wheat and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates, a land of olive oil and honey," and, according to the accounts of modern travelers, contains trees which continually bear fruit and flowers at the same time—all this essentially aided in the development of the poetic faculty. Besides this, events of the most marvelous description accompanied their progress as a people—the appearance of fiery serpents, devastating tempests, darkness so dense as to be felt, the sea dividing to a walled mass before them, bread from heaven, water gushing from the flinty rock, and other miraculous demonstrations.

The Arabs in their literature evince the influence of surrounding life. Their prize poems, which are hung up in the Kaaba, are examples.

The writers of India, as described by Goldstucker, evidently owe their descriptions of the phenomena of nature to the scenery and climate of their country. "All their writers of great epics," he remarks, "whether it be Balmiki, who sings the deeds of Rama, or the authors of Mahabharata, show themselves overpowered, as it were, by emotions connected with their descriptions of external nature."

"General civilization," says Humboldt, "is favored by the mildness of climate. The physical character of Europe has opposed fewer obstacles to the diffusion of civilization than are presented in Africa and Asia, where far-extending parallel ranges of mountain chains, elevated plateaus, and sandy deserts, interpose almost impassable barriers between different nations."

The Ionian colonies were favored with the blue sea, clear and beautiful sky, fragrant air, delicious fruits, and loveliest flowers. As a natural result poetry, statuary, and painting attained a very

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high degree of perfection. Nor were such unparalleled results devoid of the element of heroic deeds. The Trojan war, the invasion of the Persians, and the exploits of the great Macedonian conqueror, all left their impress upon the creations of ancient Greece. Modern Greece, "that venerable ruin of classical antiquity," abounds with remnants suggestive of her former elements of greatness.

The climate and scenery of Germany, doubtless, have very essentially modified German literature and art. And thus might be cited in general all the countries of Europe, and our own new world as a proof of the proposition already announced.

But more fully are circumstances seen to influence the lives of men, when we individualize rather than generalize. The "golden mouthed" St. Chrysostom attained that wonderful mastery over his passions and that proficiency in excellence, including the graces of oratory, by a singular concatenation of circumstances. While he was yet a young man he retired to the anchorites, who dwelt on the mountains in the vicinity of Antioch. Here he rose with the first crowing of the cock, read psalms and hymns with his brethren, then in his solitary cell studied the holy Scriptures or copied ancient books. With the morning light he engaged in public mass. The day was devoted to the strictest temperance, devotion, and humble labors for the common good. But even this retirement was not sufficient to meet the disciplinary preparation for a future life, of which he was yet unconscious. He retired to a cavern, where he remained two years. It was a recollection of this portion of his life which prompted these words—"Who does not despise all the creations of art, when in the stillness of his spirit he watches with admiration the rising of the sun, as it pours its golden light over the face of the earth, when resting on the thick grass beside the murmuring spring, or beneath the somber shade of a thick and leafy tree, the eye rests on the far-receding and hazy distance?"

Basil the Great, father of the eastern Church, renounced the pleasures of a residence in Athens, when about thirty years old, and retired to a desert on the shores of a river in Armenia. From this place he thus writes to Gregory of Nazianzum: "God has suffered me to find a place, such as has often flitted before our imaginations; for that which fancy has shown us from afar, is now made manifest to me. A high mountain clothed with thick woods, is watered to the north by fresh and ever-flowing streams. At its foot lies an extended plain, rendered fruitful by the vapors with which it is moistened. The surrounding forest, crowded with trees of

different kinds, incloses me as in a strong fortress. This wilderness is bounded by two deep ravines; on the one side the river rushing in foam down the mountain, forms an almost impassable barrier, while on the other, all access is impeded by a broad mountain-ridge. My hut is so situated on the summit of the mountain that I can overlook the whole plain, and follow throughout its course the Iris, which is more beautiful and has a more abundant body of water than the Strymon. . . . Shall I describe to thee the fructifying vapors that rise from the moist earth, or the cool breezes wafted over the rippled face of the waters? Shall I speak of the sweet song of the birds, or of the rich luxuriance of the flowering plants? What charms me beyond all else is the calm repose of this spot." It was in a place like this that the Christian father meditated and wrought out those problems which afterward, matured into action, gave him a claim to the veneration of all who should come after.

Who may estimate the influence upon Columbus of that apparently-trifling circumstance of the inheritance from his wife's father of charts and valuable documents relating to navigation? Or of that other and not less noticeable circumstance of a dream while he lay on a sick-bed near the river Belem, in which an unknown voice whispered to him that he was sent to "unchain the ocean?" Another circumstance of "incalculable importance" connected with the movements of Columbus is mentioned by Washington Irving, and given by Humboldt—"If he had resisted the counsel of Pinzon and continued to steer westward, he would have entered the Gulf Stream and been borne to Florida, and from thence probably to Cape Hatteras and Virginia. This might have been the means of giving to the United States a Catholic Spanish population in place of the Protestant English one." Pinzon was induced to this opinion by the flight of a flock of parrots toward the south-west. "Never has a flight of birds been attended by more important results," observes Humboldt.

In his *Cosmos* the great traveler says that the early sources of his fixed desire to visit distant lands were George Forster's delineations of the South Sea Islands, the pictures of Hodge, which represented the shores of the Ganges, and a colossal dragon-tree in an old tower of the Botanical Garden at Berlin.

Another celebrated traveler, Leo Africanus, nursed his youthful visions of future discovery by a voluntary exile from the splendor of the capital of the Mohammedan kingdom to a small place originally founded by a hermit upon a mountain which overlooked the city and its environs. Pietro Della Balle, whom Southey styles

"the most romantic in his adventures of all true travelers," was decided to embark upon the scene of perpetual adventure in unknown lands, by a rejection of his offered affections from a lady in Rome. The father of Tavernier the traveler, was a map and chart maker, and the youth was not only surrounded by maps of foreign lands, but by persons who conversed of little else.

Renowned names in the world of art have not been less indebted to peculiar circumstances for important aid in gaining the recognition of their contemporaries. Wilson, the English landscape painter, discovered his talent for this particular department of art by an apparently-accidental circumstance. While he was in Rome pursuing the study of portrait painting, becoming weary of waiting for the coming of his master, to beguile the time he painted a scene which was in view of the window of the study with so much success, that his artist friends strenuously urged him to transfer all his attention to landscape. When Sir Joshua Reynolds was in his eighth year he found "Jesuit's Perspective," which he read with so much earnestness and care that he was enabled to execute a drawing of his school-house on the principles of this book. This extraordinary performance so much pleased his father, who had hitherto frowned upon his efforts with his pencil, that he was encouraged to draw portraits of the members of his family and other friends; and these continuing to meet with encouragement, he was finally sent to London and apprenticed to an artist.

Chantrey's friends had designed to place him in the office of an attorney; but while he was passing along the street to the office of his destination, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of figures in the window of a shop. These filled his heart with an ardent desire to become a carver of wood. So great was the earnestness of his plea to this object that his friends reluctantly consented, and he was apprenticed to a wood-carver in the town. Here he made the acquaintance of a distinguished draughtsman in crayon; and thus the foundation of his future career was laid.

When Sir Isaac Newton was in his twelfth year he was chiefly remarkable for his dullness at school and want of application to his studies. But it happened that the boy who was above him gave him a severe kick upon his stomach, from which he suffered much pain. This caused Isaac to make prodigious efforts to get above him, and from that time, says his biographer, he continued to rise till he was the head of the school, and so formed habits of application from which the character of his mind was speedily displayed. Lord Erskine, who commenced his

career unpropitiously, was compelled by the poverty of his parents to enter the navy, which he shortly after left for the army. While he was quartered in a provincial town he wandered into the assize court, where presided the eminent Lord Mansfield. His singularly-elegant bearing, set off with the military dress, attracted the notice of the judge, who inquired who he was. On being told that he was a younger son of the late Earl of Buchan and in an uncongenial position, he invited him to a place beside him on the bench, and courteously explained the case that was going forward. This kindness continued by an invitation to dinner, which being accepted, the young officer ventured to state his difficulties. The judge gave him some good advice and recommended him to the counsel of his friends. Young Erskine soon after sold his commission and began the study of law, which ultimately brought him to the honor of Lord Chancellor.

Throughout all the domain of history and biography, instances abound in proof of our first proposition. But when we examine the records of the religious world, we trace these *links* with exhaustless wonder and interest. The pages of sacred history and also profane ecclesiastical history teem with the affluent products of these small though peculiar seed-grains of Providence.

Who has not read with enthusiasm of the poor boy who sang in the streets of Eisenach to earn the means of attending school, and when weary one day with frequent repulse, he stood before the window of the wife of Conrad Cotta, the "pious Shunamite" bade him welcome, and extended her generosity to a valuable patronage? This brought him to the University of Erfuth, where he caught the first glimpse of those immortal truths which became the leaven to effect the Reformation.

It was an apparently slight circumstance that a person should read this same Martin Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans in a society which met in Aldergate-street, London, but to this Wesley dated his conversion, and the commencement of those labors which made him the founder of the great religious body of Methodists.

The wife of John Bunyan brought him a portion of only two books—"The Practice of Piety" and the "Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven;" but this portion, by the grace of God, brought conversion to his heart. We quote an instance from the life of John Newton: "Though remarkable for his punctuality, one day some business so detained him that he came to his boat much later than usual, much to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in his boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship,

but the ship blew up just before he reached her. Had he arrived a few minutes earlier he must have perished with those on board."

The eminent Dr. Owen was for five years in deep spiritual anguish, when, on going to the church of a dissenting minister, he heard a stranger preach from, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and straightway peace and joy possessed his soul. Every reader of history is familiar with the manner in which the Protestants of Ireland were saved from the vengeance of Queen Mary. That little circumstance of a woman secretly exchanging the commission which empowered Cole to "lash the heretics of Ireland" for a pack of cards, with the knave of clubs up-*permost*, retarded the fatal work till another commission could be procured, which was prevented from execution by the death of the sanguinary queen.

The origin of the celebrated Moravian missions is traced to the simple fact of two young Greenlanders being providentially brought to Copenhagen, where their history and appearance speedily enlisted the interest of the United Brethren. From the appeal of the Armenian mission to the American Tract Society we find that "the good work at Nicomedia commenced from the reading of a single tract." How often has a fire proceeded from a single tract, which has kindled so great a matter that no human estimation can adequately limit it! A little daughter of one of the Nestorian mountaineers became a scholar in the school taught by one of the missionaries. Some time after her father came to see her, and urged by his child and her teachers to receive the truth, he became impressed. After many struggles with the natural enmity of his heart he yielded to conviction and became a humble follower of Christ. He returned home laden with the precious experience of God's mercy; and commencing at once to aid in diffusing the truth which he had received, a good work was begun among the inhabitants of his district, so that the missionaries were joyfully received some time after on visiting the place.

It was apparently a small matter that Carey should study the maps of heathen lands while he prayed and wrought daily upon the cobbler's bench; but how did this matter enlarge till it became a powerful engine to the pulling down of the strongholds of error and superstition!

At the close of the first conference year of a native missionary among the Choctaw Indians, he reports one hundred and three conversions and an organized Church of ninety-eight members. This native preacher was once wandering in the streets of Mobile, when a kind, Christian lady observing him, went forth and invited him

within and gave him a seat at her table, where he is deeply impressed by the blessing which she asks before eating, though he could not understand it. Soon after he is taken to the Sabbath school, learns to read, and is converted. He is afterward sent to college and licensed to preach. Here we can but notice the wonderful fruits of Christian hospitality and that piety which improves all suitable occasions to call upon God.

But we need not to multiply examples of our first truth. What library could contain the books which might be written illustrative of the glorious work of divine Providence going forward by seemingly small means! "It is nothing for the Lord to help, whether with many or with them that have no power."

While thus reviewing a few of the circumstances connected with the history of nations and individuals, let us not lose sight of the truth that every one who nameth the name of Christ should watch faithfully, that in all the little acts which make up his own life he depart from iniquity. The tongue, that unruly member, may prove the instrument of destroying much good by a trifling habit of speech. A few careless, unchristian words may effect a revolution wonderful in ultimate result!

But a word spoken in season, how good is it! He who hesitates to sow his seed in the morning by a word of kind exhortation, of sweet and gentle entreaty, or a drop of the oil of consolation, will find, when cometh the evening, that he has no harvest to glean from the past. And such are prone to withhold the hand also to the end, stifling their convictions of duty with the murmur that theirs is not a mission for the good of others.

Who that has ever sat down to review the history of his own life, has not been impressed with the recollection of those apparently-trifling circumstances on which turned the remarkable events of his experience? Especially is this true of aged people. Down the long, shadowy vistas of memory they look, and note this and that way-mark which, though but a simple thing, served to turn their footsteps into new paths which led to unforeseen results. And it is good to remember those little indices, and therefrom derive lessons of wisdom for those who shall come after.

But of what incalculable importance are those circumstances which have especial relation between parents and children! When Jehoshaphat married his son to the daughter of Ahab, evil crept into his house, disguised at first, but glaringly revealed so soon as the son entered upon the government left to him by the death of his father. Jehoram wrought evil in the eyes of the

Lord, "for he had a daughter of Ahab to wife;" the reader is reminded of the cause. A plague comes upon his people, his family, and himself; and he at last dies of a grievous disease. Every Christian parent should have a care that his children not only form no alliance with the wicked, but that they go not in the way of the ungodly. Since surrounding impressions contribute materially to make up the character, none can be too cautious for himself or those committed to his care.

The modern systems of public gaming which now universally obtain favor even in Christian communities under the specious guise of means for relaxation and physical improvement, but wearing the names of ball-clubs, billiards, chess-clubs, regattas, and many another of this ilk, we think justly deserve the disfavor of all upright persons. True, these are but trifling events in the busy lives of young collegians, mechanics, and clerks. It is a very small matter if time is thus devoted, and money, often obtained at great sacrifice, be thus wasted. Amusement and physical development must be had in order to keep "a sound mind in a sound body," even though the *means* are provided by hard labor; and the famous worthies of old time, who thought it wisest and healthiest to labor for themselves in the intervals of study, were at best but old fogies and extremely simple.

This seed, which is sowing a taste for unwarranted expenditure, a love of unrighteous competition, and a thorough hatred for moderate and sensible tasks, will bring forth fruits, for the most part, in the future. Time will prove whether these "small matters" have a salutary influence upon the life; and eternity will disclose the record of their bearing upon the things which accompany salvation.

God, who worketh over all and in all, hath appointed means, in the execution of which let us give heed to those circumstances of small moment to the general view, but in reality of inestimable importance, both as respects ourselves and others.

THE GRAVE.

BY M. A. BIGELOW.

IN its still recess a shadow lies
Unpierced by the light of softest skies,
From its gloomy gate the mind shrinks back,
Eager to linger on life's dull track;
But the loveliest forms there sink to rest
With folded arms on the quiet breast,
And a smile on the lips so sweet and still,
That it sends to the heart a holy thrill.

SUSAN LESLIE.

BY REV. H. P. ANDREWS.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE old store was gone! A mass of dark, smoldering ruins marked the spot where it had long stood. Some, as they passed and gazed upon the heap of ashes, looked sorrowful, hardly realizing that they had bought their last dram at the old counter. Others who had lacked the nerve to sign the pledge while those decanters were before them, were heartily glad that the old thing was burned and the temptation removed out of their way. Unable now to get their dram they were obliged to keep sober, and they went to work and transferred their potatoes from the field to the cellar, gathered the stunted corn, patched up the old barns, and banked up their houses to protect their cellars from the frost.

The children's meeting, commenced out under "the great rock," was transferred to the old school-house, which was crowded every evening. By general consent Herbert Leslie took the lead of these meetings. Paul Ashton labored with much success. He was a bright convert, and had great influence among the youth of the village. Old Job, too, was seldom absent, and as simple and child-like in his earnest exhortations as the veriest child in the place. It was indeed wonderful to mark the change in the old man. His whole soul seemed absorbed in religion. It was the theme of his conversation every-where and at all times.

A few days after his conversion Mr. Spaulding walked over to C—— to have a talk with his old schoolmate, Esquire Wiseman. It was touching to witness the emotions of the two aged men as they grasped each other by the hand, unable for some moments to say a word, while the tears coursed down their wrinkled cheeks. Old scenes were talked over, God's special goodness rehearsed, and the aged converts together praised God that in the evening of their days he had led them to himself. Before parting they had a season of prayer. There, in the office of the old lawyer, where his business had been performed and his worldly reputation and immense wealth acquired, they kneeled down and wept and prayed, and praised God for saving grace. Very short seemed the way to the aged Christian as he retraced his steps to his humble home, for his heart was very happy.

Although the reform had begun gloriously in that unfortunate place, and many had signed the pledge, and others were upon the point of doing so, yet the work did not go on without opposition. Nat Wilder did not get so much insurance

as he expected, by some three hundred dollars, and he charged the blame upon the temperance men. How they had hindered him in this matter he could not exactly tell; still he charged it upon them. Lost to all serious feelings and alive only to the one idea of making money, he opposed the efforts of Leslie, and those who were laboring with him, with all his might. The little influence he still retained was exerted to tell to the best advantage against the cause of truth.

There were a few in the village, and more who lived at a little distance from the immediate scene of the revival, who still sympathized with the rumseller. These more than hinted that his store had been set on fire by the temperance men. This idea pleased him much, as it was calculated to turn suspicion away from himself. Somehow he *happened* to have quite a quantity of various liquors in his house when his store was burned, and these he used freely among such as would drink in making friends and strengthening his influence. Indeed, he soon began to talk about rebuilding upon a larger scale and opening another store.

An event happened, however, about this time, that sadly disturbed his plans. On the night of the fire two young men of the village had been away and were just returning home as the flames burst out. Being at some distance when they first discovered the fire, before they could reach the village to give the alarm the flames had broken out on all sides. It was their opinion that the store was on fire in many places at the same time. Just as they were passing Wilder's house, which stood on the outskirts of the village, somewhat apart from the other dwellings and between the young men and the burning building, they saw a man about the size of Wilder, and resembling him in personal appearance, run from the store to the house, open the door and enter. They heard the door open and shut, and in a moment, even before they had raised an alarm, a lamp was lighted in Wilder's kitchen, and in less than five minutes after the alarm was given he was at the store, fully dressed, as we have already hinted, even to his collar and cravat.

So glad, however, were the young men of the destruction of the building and its poisonous contents that they agreed to keep the subject a secret and let Wilder get his insurance and leave the village if he would. But the turn of events changed their determination. The father of one of these young men had been without drink for some days. He had even given encouragement that he would sign the pledge, and had attended some of the religious meetings. But Wilder had enticed him to his house on some pretended busi-

ness, and when he was there had tempted him to drink. He fell, and returned to his home drunk! This sad event, together with his wicked opposition to the temperance reform and the revival, induced the young men to wait on the store-keeper and frankly to tell him how much they knew about the origin of that fire.

Wilder was completely frightened. He saw at a glance the delicate situation in which he had placed himself, and he begged the young men not to make public what they had seen. Only on one condition would they promise to keep silence—he must leave the place. The poor man begged hard and made many fair promises, but all was of no avail. Go he must, or take the consequences of staying. He must even sell out his property, at whatever sacrifice, and promise *never to return again.*

Most of the people in the village were very much surprised when, a few days after the above events, Nat Wilder hurriedly settled up his affairs, disposed of his property, and, with all his household effects, suddenly left for a distant town. A few looked rather knowing, but they said nothing.

After Wilder was gone matters wore quite a different aspect. A few still remained stubbornly opposed to temperance and religion, but lacking the stimulus of rum, of which they were now deprived, they made little active opposition. The revival continued with power, and extended its influence for miles around. Every evening saw new penitents at the altar, and every evening souls were rejoicing in the first glow of Christian love.

The idea of a Sabbath school began to be agitated. The children were clamorous for it. They had heard Hannah and Susan say so much about the school at C—that they wanted one at home. But how should they have a Sabbath school without question-books and a library? And who should take the lead? And where were they to get teachers? These were serious questions.

Full of these thoughts Paul Ashton started off over to C. He told no one, not even Leslie, his errand. He called upon the minister and detailed to him all the particulars of the revival; how the work was progressing, and what the children wanted. Then he made known his business. In some way he wished to obtain books. The people at the valley were all poor—drinking had made them so. They had little money, and could not, therefore, help themselves. They needed assistance.

The matter was soon arranged. There were in the Sabbath school library of C—some two hundred volumes, many of them almost as good

as new, which had been on hand some time, and were pronounced “old” by the children. They were doing nobody any good. These probably could be obtained free of cost. Accompanied by the pastor, Paul called upon Mr. Stevens, the superintendent, and the idea just met his views. Other prominent members were consulted, and it was agreed that Paul should have the books. All were glad that they could be put to some good use.

When Paul returned and reported his success great was the rejoicing among the little folks in the valley. They were to have a Sabbath school! All was now bustle. Mothers were busy in preparing dresses for the girls and in mending up the boys' clothes; ribbons were washed, ironed, and turned; bonnets newly trimmed; old hats and caps brushed up and—*sighed over*; and every possible preparation made for the great event.

Sunday came, and so did the happy children to the little school-house. Many of the older people of the village, the parents and friends of the children, were present also. Leslie, and Ashton, and old Mr. Spaulding were seated upon the little platform behind the broken desk of the “teacher.” The two young men who had taken so prominent a part in ridding the neighborhood of the rumseller, sat with a number of their companions upon the high “back seats.”

Of course Herbert Leslie was chosen superintendent. Then the formation of classes was commenced. The older men and women were formed into a class and given in charge to old Job. The young men were arranged under the care of Paul, much to their satisfaction; while the young ladies chose Mrs. Leslie as their teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins each had a class of children—the former of boys and the latter of girls. But after this was done there still remained some ten or twelve “little ones,” such as are usually found in infant schools, who were still unprovided for. What should be done with these little lambs? All who were willing, or who indeed were qualified to teach, were already engaged. At this point little Anna Brown stepped to the superintendent and whispered something in his ear. He smiled, but shook his head doubtfully. She persisted. He then went and held a whispered conversation with Mr. Spaulding and Paul. But they did n’t shake their heads. No, no. “It was just the thing;” “It would work nicely;” “They’d risk it;” “Capital!”

And so it was settled, Hannah Perkins and Susan Leslie were to have the infant class. How the eyes of the little children sparkled as the two girls took their places as their teachers! It was indeed a pleasant sight to see those two Christian girls kneeling there with the little ones clustered

around them while the superintendent was invoking the Divine blessing upon their first Sabbath school; a sight that, doubtless, angels paused to witness and rejoice over.

The necessity for question-books had not been forgotten by Paul while at C—. He had secured enough old ones, which had been studied through by the scholars in that school, to meet their present wants. Among other things said by the superintendent in his remarks, he could not help referring to the beauty of the scene before him; and while he drew a contrast between it and the meetings which they used to hold in the "old red store," tears glistened in many eyes, but they were tears of joy.

The lesson had been given out for the next Sabbath, and the superintendent was about to dismiss the school, when Mr. Spaulding arose, went into the entry, and returned, bringing a heavy bundle which he had hidden behind the door. He walked forward to the desk, had a few words with Mr. Leslie, and then turned to address the school. He spoke of the happiness it afforded him to see such a sight in that long-be-nighted place. He had grown old in sin, but he felt now that he was "a babe in Christ." He wanted to do something for the dear children before him. He did not wish them to grow up as wicked as he had been. When he first heard the idea of a Sabbath school for that place advanced his heart was glad. He believed it would accomplish great good. But he asked himself, "What can I do to help it along?" He did not suppose they would want such an old, broken-down man as he was for teacher, but he felt as though he must do something; so he took his staff and walked over to C— to consult with the old lawyer. The result of this consultation was, that Mr. Wiseman had made the school a present of a Bible for each scholar, a copy of the "Sunday School Advocate" for each little boy and girl, and "Sunday School Hymn-Books" enough for the use of the whole school. The Bibles and Hymn-Books, and the first number of the Advocate he had with him; and if Hannah Perkins and Susan Leslie would step forward he would give them the Bibles and papers to distribute.

The two girls came forward, and Hannah took the Bibles and Susan the papers and passed them round to the children. How happy the little folks were! They could scarce restrain themselves from giving expression to their excited feelings in joyous shouts. And the teachers and superintendent, how their hearts glowed with gratitude to God that he had permitted them to gather such a precious harvest from the seed sown by two little girls!

Mr. Leslie opened one of the new hymn-books and said, "Here is the hymn which I heard the children sing at the commencement of their first meeting out there in the pasture, on the sunny side of the 'great rock.' It went to my heart, friends, and was the first influence, blest of God, to awaken me to a sense of my degradation and danger. I have reason to thank God that his providence led me to witness that gathering, and to hear those sweet children sing, and read, and pray. And now let us all join in singing this beautiful hymn, and then we will unite with father Spaulding in again thanking God for his great goodness and mercy."

The hymn was sung, and then they all kneeled down while the old man raised his trembling hands, and with many tears and with a tremulous voice offered up *his first public prayer*. It came from the heart—it entered heaven. God heard and he answered, and the bright cloud of his glory seemed resting upon them.

THE FIRST SNOW.

BY MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

THE first white vail of snow, brother,
The first white vail of snow
Is falling o'er thy grave to-night;
The cold winds tell me so.

The silvery flakes that robe the land
In folds of spotless white,
Fall softly as a spirit-hand
On thy lone grave to-night.

I did not mark Death's stealthy shade
That nearer drew each day;
I did not see them when they laid
Thy wasted form away;

One curling tress of auburn hair
Was all that came—ah me!
A stranger-land and none to share
My grief in losing thee.

A broken circle waits me now,
And tearful eyes I see;
Two aged heads in sorrow bow—
They may not look for thee.

I'll haste to grant the boon they ask—
The boon they sadly crave;
But ere the living forms I clasp,
I'll seek thy new-made grave.

I know that sunbeams grace the skies,
That shadows fall to earth;
I know that when the body dies,
The spirit has new birth;

And would my soul, like thine, were free
From every tie below,
That I might calmly rest with thee
Beneath the winter snow.

OLD IDEAS IN NEW WORDS.
TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

BY REV. ROBERT ALLYN.

FEW things are really more curious to a shrewd observer than to watch the reappearance of old ideas in new words and forms of expression. That interesting author, Rev. Charles Kingsley, of England, has learnedly and forcibly alluded to this fact in several of his works; and in "Hypatia, or Old Foes with New Faces," he has shown that the same theological errors which we now encounter and lament, were in fact published and believed by thousands almost twenty centuries ago. However we may attempt to deny or to forget it, ideas do revolve like the planets in orbits, and after a series of years return to the same starting-points. Now and then a new one, like the planets Neptune and Vulcan, may be discovered by a Leverrier; but this happens once or twice only in a thousand years. Sometimes, too, possibly a thought or an idea may perish, as the lost Pleiad is supposed to have faded from the heavens. Again, thoughts and notions may, like the comets, come from the apparent outside of all our present knowledge, and after blazing awhile, disappear in the boundless regions beyond human penetration. And while it is not wholly impossible that these may outnumber the ordinary and common planets that run their regular rounds and nightly glitter above us to cheer and profit mankind, it is certain they are very rarely seen and generally without advantage. So these erratic and apparently heaven-born ideas and new-created forms of expression may perhaps out-count the common and every-day ones; yet such thoughts, like those comets, are seemingly of no available use. But the ever-recurring and useful ideas of literature, theology, politics, and science even have their orbits and periods of revolution, and at appointed times they will, we may be certain, reappear to delight or to instruct the human race.

This might be illustrated in a great variety of ways. Yet a brief statement and proof of this position, and one or two examples, may suffice for this article. Has it ever occurred to the reader to notice how great favorites translations are with scholars? Did you ever remark that nearly every literary man of any note, in any age, has, at some time in his life, tried his hand at turning the wise and witty sayings of the ancients into his own vernacular? This art or practice of translating was as popular in ancient days, and at the very dawn of historical or even traditional memory, as it has ever been since men possessed an authentic history. The old Greeks

were willing, if not proud, to own their indebtedness to the Egyptians for their knowledge of science, or philosophy and religion, and to the Phoenicians for literature; and they, in what they write, more than imply that they translated or brought from the writings and traditions of those nations all of their own early ideas, both of law and literature, of religion and science. And when the Romans aspired to be a literary people they never made any attempt to conceal the fact, that they translated the writings, the hymns, the histories sometimes, the morality, the philosophy always, and the whole literature of the Greeks. And we are indebted to this system, which would now be called plagiarism, or literary piracy, for our knowledge of some of the best fugitive poetry of Greece. Catullus, a Roman poet, who glories in the boast that he was indebted to Sappho's poetry for his verses—both as to ideas and meter—has preserved, in what we know to be translations, the true ideas of poems that otherwise would long ago have necessarily been lost. So Seneca has given us in his Latin little more than a servile translation of the older Greek morality and wisdom. And Cicero, with all the splendors of his oratorical genius, has done little more than interpret Plato into Latin and popularize his transcendent philosophy.

Then run down through the middle ages to the times of the revival of learning, and see how the men of that day—Erasmus and Luther, Calvin and the English writers—loved translations of the old authors. Our religion has delighted in it, and properly, too. How do we revere the Bible? and how does our Christianity cling to the practice of translating it? Our forefathers felt this, and with solemn prayer and deliberate national and Church legislation, entered upon the business of providing a translation for it in the early stages of the progress of Christianity in England. And as soon as its battle had been fought with paganism and won, they set about the work of rendering the Bible and all Christian literature into such Anglo-Saxon as they spoke. Alfred the Great translated parts, if not the whole of the word of life. And when the final battle against Popery was fought and won, then they re-translated it and tried to fix it as a rock of diamond in the English language forever, so that there might be a foundation for literature which could not be removed. And what are our modern sermons but translations of the thoughts and ideas, the facts and histories recorded in the Bible into more diffuse modern English? What are our exhortations but translating those same things into sentiments and arguments, to be impressed upon the minds and hearts of those who hear us? And do not our sacred poets, so nu-

merous—and fortunate it is that they are many—translate those sentiments of the Holy Bible into verse, and delight to acknowledge the source both of their thought and inspiration?

Does not this assume that there is no such thing as originality in literature? Undoubtedly it does at least imply some such notion, if we understand by originality complete newness. But if originality means something else; if it means simply the reproducing of the sentiments and emotions, the deeds and characters of the men and times of old, in new generations, by a judicious application of old thoughts and ideas to the new minds and circumstances of to-day, then this admission does by no means imply that originality is a rare thing. But is not this lack of originality, in the first sense named, based upon a very deep principle in our nature, which makes all men kindred and brethren, and interested each one in every thought and fact that concerns every other man? And does it not also show that all men are both willing and determined to produce in their own histories and experiences the same emotions and sentiments that those who went before them felt? And how can we better produce a recurrence of the same feelings, emotions, sentiments, and actions, such as the world long ago felt and enjoyed, or suffered, in ourselves and in our contemporaries, than by a use of such words and forms of expression as were used by those who went before us? Mankind, however much we may try to think otherwise, are both conservative and imitative. They do not care to do a new thing, or dare even to think a new thought. Then, besides, a new thought or idea is really and truly a new creation, and very few—scarcely one hundred in ten thousand years—have had in any proper sense the sublime and God-like creative faculty. Translations, then, have been a favorite amusement and labor for the wise and the witty of all ages. And the man who can gently and accurately translate a thought or an idea, a poem or a fine prose sentence, or discourse from one language to another, or can bring out from the circumstances of one age into those of another generation, the wisdom and motive powers of the dead and distant, certainly deserves the gratitude of all who love to feel and sympathize with their fellow-men. He occupies the place in literature which the importing merchant does in commerce, who brings from all nations and climes the best productions of each, and gives to one people or city the full enjoyment of all the bounties earth can yield. For he culls from all languages and literatures the choicest gems, the sweetest flowers, and the richest fruits, and brings them into his native tongue, to be known and enjoyed with as much zest and

relish as they originally gave to those who first produced them. He is, indeed, more of a benefactor than the merchant, for he does not, by a single particular, diminish the store of the people from whom he takes, while he makes those to whom he comes rich indeed.

Old ideas are supposed to have been well thought upon—to have been tried and proved, and after practical trial and experiment they may be relied on as the sincere truth. And if these ideas can be translated or quoted, repeated or reproduced in their compactest form in a new dress of words, will they not be of value to all men who read the language?

Much of the praise bestowed upon originality is mere vanity and deserves reprobation. It leads the unwary to suppose that what is old must of necessity be tame and jejune; while the very opposite is far more likely to be the truth. Ideas, thoughts, and truths in literature, even sentiments and expressions in poems and in orations, are not like certain kinds of soups with which our feasts are introduced, insipid and disgusting when cold. They are rather like the fruits and wines with which those feasts close—all the better for having been kept to a ripe and mellow old age. Half the pleasure to the critic derived from the mere reading of the Bible comes not from its noble poetry, its sound logic, and thorough sympathy with human nature, but from the fact of its age, and the antiquity of its style and method of thought. And more real intellectual and emotional satisfaction is often derived from the reading of a good old book a second, or even a tenth time, than from its first perusal.

Such thoughts as these may be illustrated in a great variety of ways. Let a little space be now devoted to translations, and let these translations be taken not from a very renowned work like the *Iliad*, or *Odyssey*, or the *Aeneid*, but from the fugitive pieces of the ancient Greeks, such as are short and concise, condensed and compacted together like the crystals from which all dross has been removed, and only the pure metal or mineral remains. Hence the best selection that can probably be made will be from the *Greek Anthology*, or, as the word should be translated, *Flower Discourse*, or *Flowers of Literature*. This *Greek Anthology* owes its preservation to several collectors, the first of whom appears to have been Meleager, himself a poet, who lived about the year 96 B. C. He collected the short and pithy verses and sayings of forty-six poets who had previously died, and also made extracts from many of those then living. He moreover wrote many epigrams and witticisms of his own, and thus produced a book that has been of great

value to classical students. Others followed him in this work, and gathered a collection of much greater value. But none of these collections have been preserved entire. What remains consists of inscriptions on the tombstones of the dead, and poems on the daily events of human life; of epigrams on public characters and events; of verses made on the birth, marriage, or death of friends or acquaintances; of songs at feasts and festivals, at games and religious ceremonies; and they, therefore, convey much more accurately than the larger poems or orations an idea of the habits and manners, of the feelings and emotions of the common people.

The late lamented Horace Binney Wallace says of them: "They are the most finished, the most nicely-wrought, the most strictly-classical of all the classics." There is nothing of ambitious sentiment, no putting on of gaudy ornament, no affectation of eloquence or sublimity. Every thing is simple to a degree of severity that, were it not for the intrinsic beauty of the material, would seem bald and almost bare. A diamond is never carved into the form of a flower, or a landscape, or a profile to add to its beauty. A series of plain faces, each smooth and polished, is all that is necessary to bring out its beauties. And so the authors of the fugitive pieces rely on the plainness and hardness, together with the crystalline structure of their thought, and its capability to receive the highest luster from labor. There is here nothing about singing birds, and laughing rills, and glimmering stars. There are emotions, affections, ideas, expressed in words that tell exactly what they intend and no more. They are themselves transparent and colorless, and show objects in a natural manner and light, but do not color and distort them. "Through all these," says one well prepared to judge, "there runs a tender sadness, which always marks a deep thinker upon man's condition. Many of these epigrams I passed by in my youth, concluding them destitute of meaning, but now, in the sober light of declining life, I find in them a deep supernal meaning, like the wild words of one who has spoken with a spirit." Many translations have been made of these, and scarcely a great writer, or even a tolerable Greek scholar, has ever lived who has not at some time tried his hand at turning them into verse. As each one of them rarely contains more than a single brief thought, condensed into the smallest compass of the most polished words, it is a great art to make a translation that shall embody the whole idea unmutilated as clearly and as briefly stated as in the original. A few of these are here presented in a new translation—or at least in one never before printed. Most of these

translations were made for the benefit of a class of scholars whose duty it was to study the collection of extracts called, as above, the Greek Anthology. Here is one, said to have been written by Plato, the younger, a poet who did not possess the poetical or philosophical talents of the elder Plato. Its idea has often been told as the burden of many a modern tale. And not long since a poet sent it abroad done into rhyme, as though the event had recently occurred and his poem was an original idea. The epigram only proves how old are the best things in literature, in morals, in charity, and in action.

"Once a blind man on his shoulders
Took up his lame human brother;
Having thus kindly lent his own feet,
He borrowed in turn the eyes of the other."

The same idea is introduced at greater length, and with more reflection and sentiment, at a later day by one Philip. The miser was as much an object of scorn and ridicule in olden times as now, and thus one Nearchus laughs at him:

"Pheidon, the miser, weeps,
Not that he sure must die,
But that with guineas five
He must a coffin buy."

Could any words more effectually ridicule the folly of the man who loves money more than he loves life, as many men have done, and are likely to do for years to come?

Here is another, in which Lucilius pours contempt upon a man of the same class:

"T is the wealth of a rich man that fills thy purse,
But the soul of a mean one is clearly thy curse;
O thou poor for thyself, and tortured by care,
Who art hoarding base pelf for a riotous heir!"

Lucian, more than two thousand years ago, thus stated a truth, the opposite of the practices above laughed at, not for the first time even then, it is presumed, and one which we do well to call the attention of the young to almost every hour in these "degenerate days."

"Wealth of soul alone is real gain;
Other things bring pleasure less than pain."

Here is another from an anonymous poet; but one that might have been written by an epicurean. It, however, needs but a slight alteration to become an excellent and a persuasive exhortation to liberal, Christian charity:

"Men call you rich, Apollophanes;
But I declare you poor indeed;
For use alone can prove that gains
Are yours, and not for those you feed.
What you *enjoy* is yours forever;
But what you *hoard* you taste of never."

This next is a riddle by somebody unknown, who certainly loved children and wished to afford them an opportunity for rational amusement. It proves that children, and grown poets, for that matter, were very much the same then as now. Who can guess the riddle from the old Greek?

"A useless reed, I grew despised,
And bore no fig for sweetness prized,
Nor apple fair, nor purple grape;
But men improved my awkward shape,
And fashioned lips where streams might run,
And taught me arts of Helicon.
Whenever now black wine I drink,
As one inspired, though naught I think,
With voiceless mouth all words I tell,
And by my skill I keep them well."

Lucian wrote the following idea, whose repetition has given to virtue much of her power, and the full realization of which would completely renovate the world:

"Perhaps while working evil deeds,
From *men* you 'll be awhile concealed;
But to the *gods* your faintest thought
Shall always plainly be revealed."

An epigram upon a beautiful woman, by Rufinus, is thus turned into verse. This is much briefer in the original, and might have been translated with fewer words, but not to preserve the true spirit of the Greek. It reminds one of a part of Sappho's celebrated ode, which shall be given hereafter:

"Melite hath queen Juno's lustrous eyes;
Minerva's skillful hands, as work attests;
The silver feet, on which fair Thetis flies;
And white and warm as Venus' self, her breasts.
A happy man is he who sees her worth;
Thrice happy he who hears her tuneful voice;
While he who loves is demigod on earth,
And he who weds, a god, and ever shall rejoice."

Addison translated one somewhat similar from the same poet. It is this:

"Persuasion's lips; the bloom of beauty's Queen;
Calliope's sweet voice; the Hour's gay mien;
Minerva's hands are yours, and Themis' mind,
And four the graces in my Phile joined."

This, which follows, is a pleasant little poem for a birthday present to a friend, and is designed to prove the superiority of the intellectual over sensual enjoyments. Leonidas, of Alexandria, is its author:

"For birthday presents let another bring
The slaughtered game that roamed the forest free;
Or give the bird that soared on joyous wing;
And still another fish from out the sea.
From me this day receive a muse-taught rhyme;
For this shall never perish as shall they,
But blooming through the lengthening tracts of time
Shall prove thy learning, and my love display."

Here is an epigram by Damocharis, the grammarian, as he is called, on little things:

"Why should littles be despised?
Little things for grace are prized,
Love, the child, is little sized."

Pittacus, of Mitylene, one of the wisest of men, is author of the following, which has had many translations and more admirers. The Duke of Wellington is said to have tried his hand at turning its sentiment into English, as he did many others of the poems here introduced. The sentiment is certainly worthy of the notice of a hero, though the words are not very graceful:

"The wise man's part each sad event,
Before it comes, it is to know,
And ere it strike him to prevent,
By wisest plans, lest it shall grow
To direful ruin. The care of brave men
Is, when all goes wrong and ills arise,
To turn the current back again,
And from stern fate command the prize."

Here is a little poem from Mnasalcas, which expresses a sentiment as common now as in the earlier ages. When will the time come when Virtue shall cease to envy Pleasure, and be content with what she knows is in reserve for her hereafter, if not with the present consciousness of honesty and divine approbation? It was probably written upon a group of statuary representing Virtue and Pleasure, as they are seen among men:

"Here I, sad Virtue, sit and sigh,
With ringlets in dishonor drest,
And great the grief that fills my breast;
For evil-thoughted Pleasure nigh,
Is better known and prized than I."

Perhaps the most graceful and natural of all the anthological pieces are the love songs. They are occasionally immodest, but in many cases even then it may be doubted if much of their apparent lack of modesty is not owing to our greater reserve rather than to our greater purity. But these are by no means so easily translated, though their ideas have made many a poet's literary fame, if not his fortune. Here is one from Meleager, the original collector of the Anthology, which is designed to show how love arrays the beloved one in all perfection, and finds its own sufficiency and complete satisfaction in it alone. Is it not a lesson for the Christian who loves his God and Savior?

"A sighing maid in love exclaims, 'I see,
My Theron, all things if I look on thee;
While if all else but thee I look upon,
Nothing by me is seen, or felt, or known.'"

Here is one written by Plato, who, in his early life, is said to have been a very excellent poet.

It illustrates, in another form, the same thought. It moreover contains a Greek pun which is easily translated into English, though without force, since we have no Christian name that answers to the Greek word *aster*, or star. The point of the pun can not, therefore, be felt in our language as in theirs:

"The stars, my Star, thou 'rt seeing now;
Would I were heaven's bright azure brow,
And every gem an eye to see
And gaze forever upon thee!"

Anacreon is the poet above all others who has been most translated, if not most admired. There is in him a power to condense meaning and to please at the same time. And hence there has scarcely lived a good scholar or a wise poet since the revival of learning who has not attempted to turn into a modern tongue his pleasing verses, and often more pleasing sentiments. Cowley, Addison, Prior, Coleridge, and Thomas Moore are examples. Here is one on which they have nearly all tried their hands. It is entitled, "Cupid, or Love Bound," though a more proper title would be, "Love Chooses Slavery."

"The muses once caught Love and bound him;
With flowers and garlands fair they crowned him,
And gave him as a slave to Beauty.
When Venus tries with gifts to unchain him,
He will not go though none detain him;
He says, 'Such slavery is his duty.'"

Here are two others from Anacreon, at which almost every poet in the English language has tried his hand, at least nearly every one who read Greek and appreciated fine sentiment, expressed in polished and beautiful words. No conceit in any language can be more beautiful, as a mere conceit, than the one in each case expressed at the conclusion. The close of each ode, where the particular idea at which the poet aims, is brought out with epigrammatic force, is a fine specimen of poetic art, and displays the skill of genius also:

CUPID STUNG BY A BEE.
"Young Cupid once within a rose
Saw not a bee in his repose.
His finger's stung. With pain he cries,
And swiftly flying straight he hies
To Venus fair. 'I'm hurt,' says he,
'I'm hurt, and die most certainly;
A winged serpent stung me so,
A bee it was, as farmers know.'
'How now,' says she, 'if sting of bee
So much, my love, can trouble thee,
What is the pain of those who smart
With stroke of thy all-killing dart?'"

The other is entitled,

ON LOVE.

"At midnight's hour, when round the sky
Boötes and his Bear did fly;

When all the tribes that speech can claim
Were bound in slumber's gentle chain,
Love came, and, knocking at my door,
Bade me awake and sleep no more.
'Who knocks?' I cry, 'who breaks my rest?'
Then he replied, 'A child at best;
O ope the door, I'm wet and cold,
I've walked all night the moonless wold.'
I hear, and, granting his desire,
Call in the child and light a fire.
I mark his bow and plumed dress,
And e'en his arrows that oppress.
His hands I take and rub in mine;
I warm them well and wring the brine
From out his golden, clustering hair,
And give him all my cot to share.
But when the pain of cold had fled,
He took his bow and smiling said,
'Now let us try if this good string,
With wet has grown a useless thing.'
He drew his bow with fatal art,
And pierced me through and through the heart.
Then bounding up with look demure,
'Rejoice,' he cried, 'this bow is sure;
It still is stout as heart of oak;
But see, my host, *your heart is broke!*'"

The poem, however, which more than any other in any language, save perhaps some of the poems of David in the word of God, has been tried by translators, is the celebrated poem of Sappho, the Greek woman, who, in her own time, was called the Tenth Muse. Catullus transferred it into Latin, and many have done it into French, into Italian, into German, and English. It begins very much as the one to Melite, already translated. Some one has remarked that it is the best description of a lover's feelings ever yet written in any age. It is not pretended that the present version is better than any other. All that is claimed is, that it is in different words. This poem was preserved by the critic, Longinus. So if critics have killed some poets, and burned, or caused much poetry to be burned, one at least should be credited with so good a deed as saving this exquisite ode, of which Frederick von Schlegel says: "One of her [Sappho's] songs, and some fragments of her verse deserve to be numbered among the choicest treasures, flung by the shipwreck of a former world upon the stream of time, and borne down upon its bosom to the shores of the present. Countless songs of a similar character have since won fame and applause, but all seem feeble and commonplace compared with hers, and, like troubled earthy fires, grow pale in the stainless rays of the immortal sun."

"Just like a god he seems to me,
Who sits before and talks with thee,
And hears thee speak, and sees thy smile.
This makes my soul with love to glow;
My voice no more in words can flow;
My tongue is mute the blissful while.

A sudden fire burns in my face;
Mine eyes no more thy form can trace;
A pan-like music fills my ears:
Cold dampness all my body chills,
Delight in gusts my bosom thrills;
I faint and breathless die with fears."

In these translations the poems, in the deeper, more solemn, and meditative spirit, have not been attempted. Only the lighter ones have been given, to make an article rather below than above, or equal to the tastes of those who may read—an article that may be read half-sleeping, or when tired and full of other cares. Many of the other poems are among the best of the works of Greek genius, and were the task not too hard for a leisure hour, they would have been attempted. If some one with a greater amount of time on his hands shall have been stirred by these few words of praise to try his skill on them, that will be glory enough to compensate even for a failure.

THE LONELY PILGRIM.

BY HELEN L. BOSTWICK.

A PILGRIM, on one summer's day,
Trod wearily a pleasant way;
In vain I pondered, as she went,
The causes of her discontent,
When thus in accents, low and clear,
Her sad complaining met my ear
"O pity for my lonely lot,
By Love's sweet star illumined not!
Scarce cheered by Friendship's kindly tone,
To spirit sympathy unknown.
Unshared the joy that Nature yields;
The garniture of groves and fields,
The music of the woodland bowers,
The sweet evangelism of flowers,
The changing glories of the sky,
And ocean's hoary majesty;
These in my breast a chord awake,
That fain must utterance find or break.
But vainly turn I for reply,
To human lip or human eye.
O lonely heart! in silence doomed
To live and pine, yet unconsumed."
Winding and toilsome grew the way,
And kneeling by a cross to pray,
Again I heard the pilgrim's moan,
But less of grief was in its tone.
"Dear Lord!" the patient accents said,
"A weary path alone I tread.
No kindly hand upon my arm
Gives warning of the pending harm,
Or smooths the rugged pathway o'er,
Or parts the thorny wreaths before.
Gone are the flowers I loved to greet,
Upon my head the storm-winds beat;
Yet shall no restless thought of mine
At this my Father's will repine.
Still through the tempest and the gloom

Thy love shall guide me safely home;
Still when no human eye can see
Thine angels minister to me,
And in the glory of thy throne,
I shall not bow, O God, alone!"

THE NOONDAY CALL.

BY ADELAIDE STOUT.

"The fields are white already to harvest."—JOHN IV, 35.

Lo the "fields are white to harvest!"
Lord, we hear thee cry anew,
Every morning to our spirits,
But the laborers are few.
Lord, the fearful heart replieth,
Though we know thy holy will,
Thou hast found us at the noontide
O so often "idle" still!

Come once more, O Lord of harvests,
Ere again the shadows fall;
Nerve our inmost soul to labor,
As we hear thy noonday call.
Side by side with angel reapers
In thy waving fields we stand.
Clear our mental vision, Father,
Till we see the angel band!
May we see the path of glory
Angel reapers tread at eve;
May we hear the shouts of welcome
That the laborers receive!

Never at the golden portals
Weary grow the waiting throng;
Never do the angel voices
Cease to sing the welcome song.
Ripened sheaves with joy and trembling
Softly to our bosom press'd,
When our harvest-time is over,
May we enter into rest!

"I AM ALMOST THERE."
IMITATION OF A POPULAR MELODY.

BY LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

I AM almost there! I am almost there!
Said a dying girl, as her pulse grew low;
The odors of earth on the balmy air
And the rippling of distant streams I know.
Each sound and smell of the passing breeze
To my quickened senses a rapture brings;
But O, there are lovelier things than these—
I hear the rustling of angel wings!
I see, I see a shadowy veil
Infolding those forms of celestial light!
The figures of friends are growing pale,
But the glory of heaven floods my ravished sight.
I hear their music! O, listen! I hear
The harps of the holy around the throne!
The beautiful ones are floating near!
I come, blest Savior, receive thine own!

JEZEBEL, AND CATHERINE DE MEDICI.

BY MRS. C. T. HILLMAN.

BETWEEN historic personages there are sometimes such striking analogies that we are almost tempted to believe in the transmigration of souls, and that the spirit which has once been released from the body is sent back to this world to re-enact its deeds, and to show that the habitudes of the spirit never change. If the soul of Jezebel was not reincarnated in the body of the French Queen, surely her mantle had fallen on the shoulders of Catherine with a double portion of her defiantly-wicked spirit.

Both these queens were distinguished by birth and favored by fortune—famous for their talents—infamous for their crimes. Jezebel, born a princess of Sidon, a city at that time noted for its profligacy and its arts, was sought in marriage by Ahab, who wished to strengthen his throne by an alliance with the neighboring powers. Catherine was born in the city of Florence, famed throughout Europe as the nursery of vice and the home of art. Her own family were equally distinguished for their moral corruption, and their patronage of sculpture and painting.

In portraying the character of Jezebel we can not go astray. Her life is held up to us throughout its whole course for reprobation and warning. In the book where her story is told there is no dallying with words. The court revels, the showy pageants, the waving of plumes, and the glitter of jewels is left undescribed; but the keen words of truth lay open the heart of the woman who had sold herself to work evil, and we discern the motives that prompt to the deed. But in the history of Catherine we have no unerring hand to point out the incentives to her conduct—only as they are bodied forth in act can we judge of the dark and treacherous promptings to evil hidden in her heart. Historians are profuse in their descriptions of the extravagance and splendor of her court; of the tournaments, fêtes, and ballets; and of the brilliant but dissolute women that composed her coterie.

The reign of Jezebel virtually began at the time of her marriage with Ahab, over whose weak and vacillating mind she possessed unbounded influence. The reign of Catherine did not begin till the death of her husband, who left her with the regency of France and the guardianship of her children. The power of both queens continued during the successive reigns of their three sons, both residing in the royal palaces, the presiding spirits in religion and state; Jezebel, in the emphatic words of the Bible, "making her children to sin"—Catherine instilling into their

minds a deadly moral poison that corrupted every principle of virtue and mercy. She herself carried them to the public executions, and taught them to laugh with fiendish glee at the writhing agonies of the prisoners under torture.

Jezebel was a woman whose will would brook no control, and whose uncompromising force of character impetuously swept down every obstacle that stood in the way of the accomplishing of her crimes. If the vineyard of Naboth were coveted to add to the splendor of her palace gardens, false witnesses were found who accused him of blasphemy to God and treason to the king, and in the name of religion and under the semblance of law Naboth is executed and his lands confiscated to the state. Catherine, educated to a crafty self-control in her outward life, showed none of the imperious will of her Jewish prototype. Having to contend with a wily ministry, she practiced a profound dissimulation till she had drawn her prey within her grasp, when their destruction was silent and sure. Did the Duke of Guise or the Queen of Navarre stand in the way of a cherished scheme, the knife of the assassin found its way to the heart of the one, and from a little scented bottle, presented with honeyed words, death was inhaled by the other.

Each queen seems to have retained a love for the arts, and brought to the homes of their adoption the tastes of their native lands. During the reign of Jezebel many sumptuous buildings arose in Samaria. A palace of ivory was built, rivaling in magnificence that of Solomon in Jerusalem. Classic temples, dedicated to Baal, arose on the vine-clad hills and in the shady groves, and the prosperity of the capital excited the jealous notice of the most powerful of the neighboring kings. Catherine built the palace of the Tuilleries, enriched the libraries of Paris with a valuable collection of manuscripts and books, and under her patronage were built many of those abbeys and monasteries that stand on the sunny hills of France or along the banks of the Rhine, and to this day are unrivaled as objects of picturesque beauty.

But in nothing else did the queens resemble each other more than in their strong determination to destroy every opposing form of religion and establish their own among their subjects. The minds of both were under the control of priestly guides. The acts of Jezebel were directed by the priests of Baal, whose influence was paramount in Church and state affairs. Catherine, superstitious to the last degree, was led by the Cardinal de Lorraine and her confessor, men unscrupulous in their ambition and ready to assist the queen, who needed no promptings to evil.

Jezebel, stung by the reproofs of Elijah, openly and impetuously vowed that the prophets and their adherents should die, and from that time they were followed by a persecution that knew no pity. Wherever found they were killed without trial or mercy. If Ahab occasionally quailed under the rebukes of Elijah, or seemed to relent as he heard the truthful words of Micaiah, she who never knew remorse or "the compunctions visiting of nature to shake her fell purpose," nursed the wicked passions of her husband, "so that there was none like unto Ahab, which did sell himself to work evil in the sight of the Lord, whom Jezebel his wife stirred up." Even Elijah fled dismayed from her fierce revenge to the mountains, exclaiming that he alone was left of all the servants of the Lord, and they sought his life to take it away. Charles IX was but fourteen years old when his mother planned in his name the massacre of St. Bartholomew. As long as the Protestant nobles remained in their castles, she was powerless. To collect them in Paris, where, with one blow, she could accomplish her deadly ends, she had recourse to her unlimited talents in perfidy and seduction. Her invitations to tournaments and fetes were prudently declined. But at length she proposed the marriage of Henry of Navarre with her daughter Margaret, with such an apparently-sincere desire to settle the difficulties between the parties that the princes were decoyed into the net so warily set, and consented to be present at the ceremony. The perfidious queen calmly prepared the garlands to decorate her palace for banquet and ball, conducting her victims to the sacrifice to the sound of music and in the maze of the dance. On St. Bartholomew's eve the fatal blow was struck. So adroitly had the queen played her part that all suspicion was lulled in the minds of the Huguenots. The ringing of the midnight bell was to be the signal for the massacre; but Catherine, impatient for the carnage to begin, ordered the bell to be struck before the hour. History has faithfully recorded the deeds of that night—of hoary locks crimsoned with gore, of manly forms struck low by the keen dagger blade, of the laugh of maidens turned to the shrieks of despair, of the sleep of innocence changed to that of death. In the morning she walked the streets with her children, and smiled to see her feet dripping with blood.

For these terrible crimes neither Jezebel nor Catherine ever felt any relentings. Nothing ever appalled them. Jezebel saw the awful fate of Ahab—saw the dogs lick his blood, and heard the same doom pronounced on herself by the prophets with a haughty disdain. Catherine delighted in witnessing the agonies of death, whether in

friend or foe, and over her dark wickedness threw the pall of laughter, and the groans of the dying were music to her ear.

So dehumanized had both become that even the instincts of maternal affection had died out. Jezebel heard of the death of her last son and of the approach of his conqueror to the city without a sigh or the betrayal of an emotion. She determined to be queen to the last. Having learned like Catherine to conceal the ravages of age by art, she went to her room, painted her face, tired her head, dressed herself in her queenly robes, and stood at her palace window waiting her fate without a thought of fear. The conqueror looked up as he passed by at the head of his triumphant train. The proud and haughty woman dared even then taunt the passionate Jehu. Through her thin lips she hissed, "Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" For once she went too far in her sarcasm. Jehu, stung to the quick, shouted to the palace servants standing by, "Throw her down." In an instant the wicked queen was hurled from the window, and the conqueror and his train passed over her senseless body.

Catherine is believed by her contemporaries to have administered with her own hand poison to her son, and then she stood by his bedside and watched with unflinching gaze his life ebbing away. She composedly listened to his wild ravings as remorse pictured before his death-stricken vision the awful deeds of bloodshed on the fatal night—heard unmoved his dying voice warn his brother never to trust their mother, and complacently saw his death-struggle change to a shudder of horror as her hand approached his pillow.

Both Catherine and Jezebel were representative women, exercising a marked influence outside the usual sphere of their sex—the one accomplishing her ends openly and boldly; the other secretly but no less shamelessly. To the memory of Jezebel the world has placed but the epitaph spoken by the impetuous Jehu when he said, "Go find that cursed woman;" while that of Catherine is covered with an obloquy so deep that her name is but a synonym for perfidy and remorseless cruelty.



WHO WAS THE ORIGINAL INVENTOR?

A FEW years ago a French author undertook to tell the public when, and where, and by whom conscience was invented. One could have wished that he had also disclosed who contrived the human hand; when the foot was devised; and especially who it was that invented invention; although even then the greatest secret of all would have remained to be disclosed—what Being it was that invented the supposed inventor, man.

INVENTIONS.

BY REV. B. M. GENUNG.

EVER since the human race was doomed to labor, people have sought and found a partial relief from toil by means of inventions. It is true invention itself is labor; yet as it lightens the burden and lessens drudgery, it is readily adopted and found to be a blessing in the curse. Inventions are of various kinds, but are mostly of a mechanical nature. The first mechanical contrivance on record was the fig-leaf garments which our first parents made to hide the native shame they felt when temptation had ripened into sin. There must have been one before this; namely, the instrument used in sewing. If we knew what that was, it might be interesting to compare it with Wheeler & Wilson's best sewing-machine.

As people multiplied their wants increased, and necessity, the mother of inventions, suggested and enforced on the early settlers of our world a multiplicity of contrivances to meet the demands of our nature, and to do more readily by art what could not so easily be done by strength. Thus art supplies our lack of strength.

Those articles made in antediluvian times were doubtless very simple, and were so constructed as to admit of improvement, as one generation grew wiser than the former, and if they now were all collected together would make a strange and interesting museum.

When peace has prevailed art has flourished, and the most useful contrivances have followed in the wake of true religion. When the Queen of Sheba left her southern throne and visited Solomon's unrivaled court, she was lost in amazement at the magnificent display of taste and skill which met her eye and outdazzled all she had ever seen before. Whether she moved in the flower gardens of beauty, walked the streets of Jerusalem, ascended the carved steps that led up into the house of the Lord, or looked with wondering eyes on the vast array of entertainments in the halls of feast and song—every-where she saw the works of a superior mind, and bowed with courtly grace at the shrine of an ingenuity that spoke as much of heaven as it did of earth.

But with great prosperity sin increased, days of darkness came, and successive storms of retribution swept those works of grandeur all away.

There have since been times when the spirit of invention has slept for ages without a dream of any thing great or good, then it has awaked to call into life and activity the very elements of ocean, earth, and air, and make nature tributary to the happiness of man. "God made man up-

right; but they have sought out many inventions." Yes, and some very foolish ones, but, thanks to the Creator! many which have been great blessings to us all. We need not visit the Patent-Office to see works of invention. They are here at home, all around us. The simplest tools that are used, our garments, table service, houses, the books we read, whatever we work with, were all contrived into their present forms and use; they are as truly inventions as watches or locomotives. Go where we will we see the products of ingenuity, from the sling and tomahawk of the barbarian to the steamship that plows the ocean waves.

From what has been done we may safely conclude that inventions are yet in their infancy, and the past only furnishes pictures and gives preludes to the future. Common articles now in use, and machinery of most kinds which have cost money, time, and toil, will be laid aside as clumsy affairs of by-gone days, and their places supplied by improvements far beyond any thing at present known. It need not be feared that labor-saving machines will, for any great length of time, deprive the industrious poor of their bread. Useful discoveries and machinery have always created a demand for labor, though sometimes in quite a new direction. When was there ever more machinery than at the present day? When was there ever a better demand for the diligent hands of those who have a "mind to work" than now?

Our prayer is that inventions increase in arithmetical progression till the rough places of the earth shall be made smooth, the hills leveled, the mountains tunneled, the land subdued by culture, the oceans underlaid with telegraphs and overspread with sails, the nations brought into a common brotherhood, vieing only with each other to excel in something really great and good.

MAN NOT MADE TO BE ISOLATED.

MAN was not made to be isolated. The tendrils of the vine imply dependence and crave support, and if it is to produce fruit must have support. Man's nature is covered with tendrils. It is as one of an intertwined many; as the member of a community, that he becomes at once most vividly conscious of his own individuality, and of his social nature. Society, with all its branches, flowers, and fruits, has its roots in the individual man—is but the natural growth and expansion of the man. Mysterious as the creative arrangement is, it is yet undeniably true that man attains his *individual* ends, and realizes his own separate and distinct personality best in the society of his fellow-men.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripture Cabinet.

THE FIVE BRETHREN ON THE WAY TO HELL.—"Then he said, I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house: for I have five brethren," etc. Luke xvi, 27, 28.

Here is a picture drawn by an infallible hand. It is full of instruction. In it there are three groups of objects:

1. *A poor man rising from his poverty to heaven.* You see him here a bruised, suffering pauper, lying at the door of a rich man; and *yonder*, a happy spirit, in the very bosom of Abraham.

2. *A rich man sinking from his opulence to hell.* Here you see the rich man faring sumptuously every day, and robed in splendor; *yonder*, you see him in the depths of misery, crying in vain for a drop of water.

3. *A large family—one in hell and five on the way there.* "I have five brethren," etc.

Mark especially the prominent features of this family picture.

I. IT WAS A FAMILY OF GREAT SECULAR RESPECTABILITY. It stood far above the ordinary condition of men. These "brethren," perhaps, could point to their large estates, and refer to a long line of noble ancestry; but they are on the path to ruin.

This teaches—

1. *That wealth is no evidence of Divine approbation.* In all ages people have been tempted to think so: Asaph, Job, Scribes, and Pharisees.

2. *That wealth has no necessary tendency to promote virtue.* Some people think that if they had wealth they would be very good. Wealth *may* and *ought* to be the means of virtue. True, it enables a man to procure books, leisure, facilities for meditation, means of usefulness, and thereby increases his obligation to be religious and useful: but he may, and often does, turn it to an opposite account.

II. IT WAS A FAMILY THAT HAD BEEN VISITED BY BEREAVEMENT. One brother had just died, and was "buried."

This shows—

1. *That death is not to be bribed away by wealth.* He enters the palace as well as the cottage.

2. *That death does not wait for moral preparation.* The brother who died was not prepared.

3. *That death often fails to produce the proper influence upon the survivors.* Though their brother had died, it would seem that they were still pursuing their downward course.

III. IT WAS A FAMILY, ONE OF WHOSE NUMBER WAS IN HELL. "In hell he lifted up his eyes, being tormented." Perhaps the torments of their wretched brother were heightened by FELT CONTRASTS.

1. *A felt contrast between what he was and what he had been.* In his "lifetime," he possessed "good things"—had every comfort and luxury; but now is deprived of all but sheer existence—not a "drop of water."

2. *A felt contrast between what he was, and what he might have been.* "He seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom." He might have been in that bosom. But where was he?

3. *A felt contrast between what he was, and what he ought to have been.* He ought to have been holier than Lazarus, for his privileges were greater; but he was most corrupt and vile. How wretched the thought of having a brother in such "torments!"

IV. IT WAS A FAMILY WHOSE MORAL CONDITION ROUSED THE APPREHENSIONS OF THEIR TORMENTED BROTHER. "I pray thee, therefore, father, that thou wouldest send him to my father's house," etc. Whatever might have been the feeling that dictated this prayer, two things are taught by it:

1. *That departed spirits convey with them the remembrance of their earthly history.* He remembered his "father's house"—the scenes of his first impressions. Our earthly companions, possessions, opportunities, blessings, and sins, we shall never forget.

2. *That hell is no desirable place for the renewal of old associations.* This is not the language of nature: nature longs for the renewal of old companionships. Sin dissocializes human nature.

V. THAT IT WAS A FAMILY POSSESSING ALL THE RELIGIOUS ADVANTAGES THEY WOULD EVER HAVE. They had Moses and the prophets. They had not only the teachings of nature, but those of a special Revelation. This Revelation was full enough for their capacity—for their responsibility—for their condition.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE UNCTION OF OUR LORD BY MARY.—Is the common explanation of the anointing of our Lord by Mary correct? See comments on Matthew xxvi, 6, 13; Mark xiv, 3; John xii, 3.

The substance of the common explanation is this: Mary *simply* and *only* intended the anointing as an expression of love to Jesus, her master. From this explanation we are inclined to dissent, and for the following reasons:

1. It is not usual with Jesus to command, in the manner which this explanation implies, simple acts of affection, even though the act were a disinterested one—which it could not have been in this case, as Mary's brother Lazarus had been raised by Jesus from the dead.

2. This explanation is in violation of a principle inculcated in the statement contained in our Lord's Ser-

mon on the Mount, "If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?"

3. This explanation flatly contradicts the explanation of the Savior himself, who says in plain terms, "She did it for my burial," while it leaves unanswered the objection of Judas, and other of the disciples; namely, that this use of the ointment was a needless waste of money, which might have been better bestowed on the poor.

Is not the following a better explanation? Mary intended chiefly by the unction of our Lord to exhibit her faith in his Messianic character—his vicarious death and resurrection. We prefer this explanation for these reasons:

1. It is usual with our Lord to honor and highly commend acts of faith. See Matthew viii, 10; Mark iv, 40; Acts vi, 5.

2. There is no violation of any Scripture principle in this explanation, but an illustration of an important one—"he that honoreth me I will honor." Now, no act of man so honors God as an act of faith. Mary believed the Lord, and he honored the act which exhibited her faith.

3. This explanation does not contradict our Lord's explanation—"she did it for my burial"—but develops and illustrates its full meaning.

4. This explanation answers the objection of Judas, and other of the disciples, while it administers a gentle rebuke to their unbelief.

5. This explanation, by placing this act of Mary on a par with those by which the "elders obtained a good report"—Hebrews, chapter xi—affords us a sufficient reason for the great notoriety which our Lord gives to it, while it renders the name of Mary fit for association with those of Abel and Noah, Abraham and Moses.

6. This explanation furnishes a key to the whole transaction, at the same time that it renders this Scripture much more profitable for "doctrine, reproof, correction, and instruction in righteousness," than the one commonly given it.

Our Lord was within two days of his passion. His male disciples saw in him a great prophet, but it is too evident that they still doubted his Messiahship, and they even rebuked him in their unbelief for intimating to them that he must suffer death at Jerusalem. Mary, however, had no doubt. She believed the Scripture, and she believed the words she had heard from his own lips. She believed he would die and rise again; and her clear, strong faith had been long contemplating these events. She had even been meditating this very act, as appears from her Lord's language—"Against the day of my burying hath she kept this." John xii, 7.

It was fitting, and harmonized well with the whole character of Jesus—who knew all things—that he should so arrange circumstances as to exhibit on this occasion the great faith which dwelt in this humble woman, while he reproved and rebuked unbelief, though he found it in the apostles themselves.

When thus explained how wholesome the instruction, "wherever this Gospel is preached!"

1. It teaches us that *faith* is the noblest exercise of the human soul; for while it honors God it secures to its possessor the honor which cometh of God.

2. It teaches us that the humblest acts of the hum-

blest persons, if they spring from and are exhibitions of a lively faith, even the giving "a cup of cold water," will live in the memory of God and be told to the honor of their authors when the greatest acts of men that are not of faith shall be forgotten.

3. It teaches us that our acts of faith may be misunderstood by good men, but never by the Lord.

4. It teaches us that acts of faith, which may be useful as examples to men, need not be trumpeted by ourselves; but that God himself will see to it that they are published to the world.

And, finally, the anointing of our Lord by Mary sets before us the worthy example of constant and unwavering faith, and humble, yet unabashed confession, amid the murmur of friends, the scorn of foes, and the counter influence of many conspiring circumstances.

Let us also choose the good part—of faith in Jesus—which shall never be taken away from us.

A. GREENMAN.

SECRET PRAYER.—"When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." Matt. vi, 6.

Men never take so firm a hold of God, says Nevins, as in secret. Remember Jacob. Thou shouldst pray alone; for thou hast sinned alone, and thou art to die alone, and to be judged alone. Alone thou wilt have to appear before the judgment-seat. Why not get alone to the mercy-seat? In the great transaction between thee and God thou canst have no human helper. You are not going to tell him any secret. You may be sure he will not betray your confidence. Whatever reasons there may be for any species of devotion, there are more and stronger reasons for secret devotion. Nothing is more embarrassing and disturbing in secret prayer than unpropitious circumstances. Great attention ought always to be paid to this point. "Enter into thy closet," says Christ. He says not a closet, nor *the* closet, but *thy* closet. The habit of secret communication is supposed to be formed. The man is supposed to have a closet—some place in which he is accustomed to retire for prayer; some spot consecrated by many a meeting there with God; some place that has often been to him a bethel. The Savior uses the word to mean any place where, without embarrassment either from the fear or pride of observation, we can freely pour out our hearts in prayer to God. No matter what are the dimensions of the place, what its flooring and canopy. Christ's closet was a mountain, Isaac's a field, Peter's the house-top.

THE FIRST AND THE SECOND ADAM.—"As we have borne the image of the earthly [man,] we shall also bear the image of the heavenly [man]." 1 Cor. xv, 49.

The first Adam was not only full of sin in himself, but he also filled all his posterity with sin and death. And shall not the second Adam then fill all his offspring with grace and life! Unto them the first Adam was a channel of sin and corruption; and, therefore, the second Adam shall be unto them a fountain of grace and sanctification. For is he not as powerful to communicate this as the other was to instill it? And besides, he is as willing to do it as he is able; for he hath in a plentiful manner shed his blood for his Church; much more will he plentifully shed his Spirit upon her. He will be as liberal of his grace as of his blood; pour out one as well as the other.

Fours and Quarters.

SUBSTANTIVES AS ADVERBS.—There is a class of adverbs in our language, as there is, perhaps, in all languages, which consists solely of substantives used in the oblique cases. The classical student knows this to be pre-eminently true of the Greek and Latin, and school-boys are often puzzled to determine the particular use and signification of the words in this construction. And many can explain the office of these adverbial forms of the substantive in the classic languages without seeming to be aware that the English furnishes parallel constructions, and that many of the rules in the Greek and Latin grammar will apply equally to our own. The three oblique cases of nouns in the Anglo-Saxon and English, the genitive, or possessive, the dative, and the accusative, or objective, are all used adverbially. The dative is the case of the indirect object, but, as a separate inflection of the noun, is now obsolete, except in the two or three words mentioned below. It is still used, however, with the same inflection as that of the accusative, and can be distinguished from it by its construction. A few illustrations are given of this class of adverbs.

1. The genitive case denotes some local relation, or some circumstance accompanying the action expressed by the verb. Some of the more common words thus used in the genitive case are:

Whiles, or whilst,	Once—one's,	Erst,
Any-ways, or wise,	Twice—twao's,	Betwixt,
Unawares,	Thrice—thrie's,	Else,
Besides,	Times,	Needs,
Betimes,	Since,	Amidst,
Nowadays,	Mid-ships,	Towards,

As an adverb *times* is correctly used when we say "one times one is one," for the word, instead of being plural as some suppose, is the genitive case, singular. *Since* is probably the genitive of *synne*, "long ago." *Erst* is for *ere's*, the genitive of *ere*. *Whilst*, *amongst*, *amidst*, *betwixt* are genitives, corruptly pronounced with the addition of the letter *t*, as the vulgar still say *one'st* instead of once.

2. The datives show the time or place *at* or *in which* the action of the subject occurs. There are only two or three of these adverbs remaining, and one is almost out of use. They are the plural datives of their nouns:

Seldom, from Anglo-Saxon *sael*, or *seld*, meaning "at times, occasionally."

Whilom, from *while*.

Random (?), from *rand*, "a circuit, a round-about way."

The form *whilom* is now used chiefly in poetry, yet we occasionally speak of "a whilom friend."

3. The accusative or objective case is used adverbially to denote certain limitations of time, place, weight, measure, distance, etc. These forms are by far the most numerous and the most easily recognized; and yet in our English grammar-books we rarely find them mentioned, not to say explained. The usual method of construing such words is to say they are in the objective case, and governed by a preposition understood. This is unnecessary, for they are as certainly objective as the direct object of a verb, and for the same reason—

they show limitation. Thus, if I say, "he remained a year, it weighs a pound, he went home, it is a mile distant, it is three feet long," the words year, pound, home, mile, and feet are in the objective case, and show limitations of time, weight, direction, distance, and measure. So of many other words in like construction.

S. W. W.

PHILOSOPHICAL PARADOX.—One of your lady readers, in Accomac county, Virginia, who is always in quest of interesting facts in philosophy, witnessed the following, and desired me to mention it to you:

On a cold night some water was left standing in a metallic vessel. In the center of this a small china cup was left, which also contained water. The water in the outer vessel was frozen solid, while the water in the inner one was in its temperature considerably above the freezing point. Please explain this. C. F. S.

FREE MORAL AGENCY.—*Answer to queries in December number.*

I. 1. Angels and men in heaven are free moral agents.

2. Free moral agency in heaven does not imply the power or liberty to do wrong.

3 and 4. Free moral agency in heaven is distinguished from free moral agency on earth in there being no motive presented in heaven to do wrong. Where there is no motive there is no power or liberty to do wrong. The first pair would not have sinned had there been no motive presented as an inducement to disobey God. See Genesis iii, 5, 6.

II. 1. The inhabitants of hell are free moral agents.

2. They can not do right.

3 and 4. My answer is the same as above—there is in hell no motive to do good.

5. Free moral agency is the being left free to choose good or evil. Now, the difference between earth and hell in this respect is the *opportunity* there may be to do any thing. God has decreed that "whatsoever a man sows—that shall he also reap." Or the difference between earth, hell, and heaven in this respect is, that earth is a place of trial, hell and heaven are not. On earth men are permitted to choose either good or evil; in hell only the evil; for there is no good there to be chosen; hence the assurance that hell shall never be vacated. In heaven only the good can be chosen, for there is no evil; therefore the security of a continuance of heavenly felicity.

A. P. F.

PUN.—I have never met with any satisfactory derivation of this word, which seems to have puzzled lexicographers a little. The reader may take his choice of the following as the most probable etymologies: French *pointe* (Latin *punctum*), the *point* of the witicism, says Richardson, arising from the use, etc. Nares (*Glossary*) gives *pun* from the Saxon, to pound, to strike. To illustrate the use of the word in this sense he tells us of a Staffordshire servant, who, when he heard his mistress stamp with her foot to signal his attendance, would say, "Hark! Madam's *punning*." "Perhaps,"

he adds, "it means to beat and hammer upon the same word."

F. P.

UNINTENTIONAL PUNS.—Under this title permit me to open a column in "Notes and Queries" for the reception of *jeux de mots*, which the writers perpetrated unconsciously. I have at present only a few to contribute:

"Elizabeth's *sylvan dress*, etc., was, therefore, well suited at once to her bight and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and *long habits* of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in *ordinary female weeds*."—*Kenilworth iii, chap. 9.*

"A death-bed is a frightful *tester*."

British Workman, No. 66.

"I'll *gild* the faces of the grooms withal,
That it may seem their *guilt*."—*Macbeth*.

"While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And *tuft* me with the Spring."

"*The Song of the Shirt*."

To which, perhaps, might be added the first six lines of Coleridge's "Sonnet to Schiller." I am not sure that another passage in Shakspeare ought not to be included in my list:

"Till that her garments, *heavy with their drink*," etc.
Hamlet.

The fact of there being such cases in our literature is a proof of the capability of the English language for works of wit and humor.

CLAMMILD.

"THE LATINS CALL ME PORCUS."—Some time ago, while conversation was going on in a mixed company where I was present, an elderly gentleman by whom I sat gave me a nudge, and smilingly whispered in my ear, "The Latins call me Porcus." I did not see at the time that this observation had any thing to do with what the company were talking about, nor have I subsequently found any means of discovering its import. The last time the incident recurred to my mind I thought of "Notes and Queries," and I now write in the hope that I am applying in the most likely quarter for an explanation.

M. S. R.

If, as we suppose, in the conversation alluded to, one of the parties present was attempting display by needlessly using hard words or being otherwise overwhelmingly learned, there would be something quite appropriate in the phrase smilingly whispered by the elderly gentleman, which is taken from an old fable expressly designed to correct a needless display of erudition. We are not quite sure that this fable exists in print; at any rate we can not at this moment refer to it. We will, therefore, relate it as, many years ago, it was related to us by another elderly gentleman, a person of some learning and antiquarian research.

Once upon a time as the wolf was taking a walk he overtook a pig, whom he thus addressed: "Good-morning, Mr. Pig; I have had nothing to eat these three days. I am very glad to have fallen in with you, for you will just serve me for a dinner." "Stay," said the pig, "is not this Friday?" "Indeed it is," answered the wolf. "Well," replied the pig, "you, I know, are, like myself, a good Catholic. Of course you would not eat meat on a Friday." "O, very well," said the wolf; "then, as we are both going the same way, suppose we go together?" so on they trotted side by side. Presently the wolf remarked, "I think, Mr. Pig, you are called by many different names?" "Just so," said the pig; "I am called not only pig, but hog, swine, grunter, and I know not

how many names besides. *The Latins call me Porcus.*" "Oho," said the wolf; "they call you Porcus, do they? Porcus is porpoise. Porpoise is fish. I may eat fish on a Friday. So now I will eat you." Thus saying he fell upon the unlucky pig and ate him up!—*English Notes and Queries*.

"HAPPY AS A KING."—This phrase was in use at least two hundred years ago, as it occurs in the following extract from *The Tragical History of Guy, Earl of Warwick*, 4to, 1661, Act v:

"*Phillis*. Give me some bread. I prithee father eat.
"Guy. Give me brown bread, for that's a pilgrim's meat.
"Phillis. Reach me some wine, good father, taste of this.
"Guy. Give me cold water, that my comfort is,
I tell ye, Lady, your great Lord and I
Have thought ourselves as happy as a King,
To drink the water of a crystal spring."

English Notes and Queries.

"TOO WISE TO ERR, TOO GOOD TO BE UNKIND."—The source of the above quotation has been frequently but, I believe, ineffectually inquired after in the pages of "Notes and Queries." In a small volume entitled "Thoughts of Peace for the Christian Sufferer," sixth edition, (Hamilton, Adams & Co., London, 1843,) and consisting of appropriate texts of Scripture, followed by short pieces of sacred poetry, the distich in which the line occurs is quoted as the composition of the late Rev. John East, incumbent of St. Michaels, Bath, and runs thus:

"Too wise to err, too good to be unkind,
Are all the movements of the eternal Mind."

Several other quotations from Poems by Mr. East occur in the same volume, but the name of the poem in which the often-cited line is to be found is not given. I am not aware whether any collection of Mr. East's poetry has been made; but now that the source of the quotation has been determined, I should think that no difficulty will be found in the identification of the poem in which the line occurs. Mr. East was a frequent contributor of sacred poetry to various religious publications. The discovery that the line in question is the composition of Mr. East, is due to Miss Harvey, a lady residing in Haverfordwest.

J. P. P.

Mr. East published a small volume entitled "Songs of my Pilgrimage," where it is probable the lines may be found. It is not in the British Museum.—*English Notes and Queries*.

WITTY CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS.—About fifty years ago the eccentric John Randolph, of Virginia, and Mr. Dana, of Connecticut, were fellow-members of the United States House of Representatives. They belonged to different political parties. On one occasion Mr. Dana paid some handsome compliments to Mr. Randolph. When the latter spoke upon the question before the House, he quoted from Virgil—

"*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.*"

UNEDA.

QUERIES.—*Kerosene.*—What is the meaning of the word *kerosene*? Is it a synonym of petroleum? We have hunted for the word in vain in every available authority, Webster, Worcester, and Greek dictionaries.

C.

BARRICADES.—What is the first mention in history of the use of "barricades" in street-fighting? And is this mode of fighting on record as having been used by any other nation than the French?

J. F.

Boys and Girls' Repository.

A REAL HERO.—Many of our young readers think that to be a hero a man must fight bloody battles and win great victories. But will not every little boy who reads the following join us in saying that Hartley was a real hero? He fought a great battle within himself, and won a great victory; for the Bible says, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."

I shall never forget a lesson which I received when quite a young lad at the academy in B—. Among my school-fellows were Hartley and Jemson. They were somewhat older than myself, and to Jemson I looked up as a sort of a leader in matters of opinion as well as of sport. He was not at all malicious, but he had a foolish ambition of being thought witty, and he made himself feared by the bad habit of turning things into ridicule.

Hartley was a new scholar, and little was known of him among the boys. One morning, as we were on the way to school, he was driving a cow along the road to a neighboring field. A group of boys, among whom was Jemson, met him as he was passing. The opportunity was not lost by Jemson.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "what's the price of milk? I say, Jemonthan, what do you fodder on? What will you take for all the gold on her horns? Boys, if you want to see the latest Paris style look at those boots!"

Hartley, waving his hand to us with a pleasant smile, and driving the cow to the field, took down the bars of a rail fence, saw her safely in the inclosure, and then putting up the bars, came and entered the school with the rest of us. After school in the afternoon, he let out the cow and drove her off, no one knew where. And every day for weeks he went through the same task.

The boys of B— Academy were nearly all the sons of wealthy parents, and some of them, among whom was Jemson, were dunces enough to look down with a sort of disdain upon a scholar who had to drive a cow. The sneers of Jemson were accordingly often renewed. He once, on a plea that he did not like the odor of a barn, refused to sit next to Hartley. Occasionally he would inquire after the cow's health, pronouncing the word "ke-ow," like some country people.

With admirable good nature did Hartley bear all these silly attempts to annoy him. I do not remember that he was even once betrayed into a look or word of angry retaliation.

"I suppose, Hartley," said Jemson one day, "your daddy means to make a milkman of you?"

"Why not?" asked Hartley.

"O nothing, only do n't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them; that's all!"

The boys laughed, and Hartley, not in the least mortified, replied:

"Never fear; if ever I should rise to be a milkman, I'll give you good measure and good milk, too."

The next day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which a number of ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present.

Prizes were awarded by the principal of our academy, and both Hartley and Jemson received a creditable number; for in respect to scholarship these two boys were about equal.

After the ceremony of distribution the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last boy who received one was young Manners, who, three years ago, rescued a blind girl from drowning. The principal then said that with permission of the company he would relate a short story.

"Not long since some scholars were flying a kite in the street, just as a poor boy on horseback rode by on his way to

the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the scholars who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded boy. There was one scholar, however, who had witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but staid to render services.

"This scholar soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a fine cow, of which she was the owner.

"Alas, what could she now do? She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was on his back entirely helpless.

"Never mind, good woman," said the scholar, "I can drive your cow."

"With blessings and thanks the old woman accepted his offer. But his kindness did not stop here. Money was wanted to get articles from the apothecary.

"I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with, but I can do without them for a while."

"O no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that, but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Henry, who can't wear them. If you would only buy them, giving us what they cost, we should get along nicely."

"The scholar bought the boots, clumsy as they were, and has worn them up to this time."

"But when it was discovered by other boys of the academy that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were made matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerful and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots, contented in the thought that he was doing right, caring not for all the jeers and sneers that could be uttered. He never undertook to explain why he drove a cow, for he was not inclined to make a vaunt of his charitable motives, and furthermore, in his heart he had no sympathy with the false pride that could look down with ridicule on any useful employment. It was by mere accident that his course of kindness and self-denial was yesterday discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you, was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Hartley, do not hide out of sight behind the blackboard. You are not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise. Come forth, come forth, Master Edward Hartley, and let us see your honest face."

As Hartley, with blushing cheeks, made his appearance, what a round of applause, in which the whole company joined, spoke the general approbation of his conduct! The ladies stood upon the benches and waved their handkerchiefs. The old men wiped the gathering moisture from the corners of their eyes and clapped their hands. Those clumsy boots on Hartley's feet seemed a prouder ornament than a crown would have been on his head.

The medal was bestowed on him amid general acclamation.

Let me tell you a good thing of Jemson before I conclude. He was heartily ashamed, indeed, of his ill-mannered railing, and after we were dismissed, he went with tears of manly self-rebuke in his eyes and tendered his hand to Hartley, making an apology for his ill-manners.

"Think no more of it," said Hartley, "let us all go and have a ramble in the woods before we break up for vacation."

The boys, one and all, followed Jemson's example, and then set forth into the woods. What a happy day it was!

Boys and girls, never despise another who may be more plainly clad than yourselves. There is many a noble heart under a well-patched garment. If you are tempted to look scornfully upon one in a poor or plain dress, think of Master Edward James Hartley, the brave boy, and his gold medal.

Maggie's Gleanings.

THE DEAD NEVER GROW OLD.—Our recollection of the dead always pictures them as they were when they died. They never grow older. A recent writer in Frazer's Magazine beautifully illustrates this idea:

I listened to a mother who told of the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing-green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope, swinging backward and forward, and shouting with delight. The mother went into her cottage and lost sight of him for a minute; and when she returned the little boy was lying across the rope, dead. It had got under his chin; he had not the sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same person since; but the thing which mainly struck me was, that though it is eighteen years since then, she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet; it is a little child she looks for to meet her at the gate of the golden city. Had her child lived he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two; he is two yet; he will never be more than two. The little rosy face of that morning, and the little half-articulate voice would have been faintly remembered by the mother had they gradually died into boyhood and manhood; but that day stereotyped them; they remain unchanged.

WONDERFUL IS LIFE.—Who has not been bewildered by the mysteries and contradictions life infolds?

It is a wonderful thing—life—ever growing old, yet ever young; ever dying, ever being born; cut down and destroyed by accident, by violence, by pestilence, by famine, preying remorselessly and insatiably upon itself, yet multiplying and extending still, and filling every spot of earth on which it once obtains a footing; so delicate, so feeble, so dependent upon fostering circumstances and the kindly care of nature, yet so invincible; endowed as it were with supernatural power, like spirits of the air, which yield to every touch and seem to elude our force, subsisting by means impalpable to our proper sense, yet wielding powers which the mightiest agencies obey. Weakest and strongest of all the things that God has made, life is the air of death, and yet is conqueror. Victim at once and victor. All living things succumb to Death's assault; Life smiles at his impotence, and makes the grave her cradle.

SINGING TO HER BABE.—The voice of song is potent every-where and among all classes of men. But the song of the mother to her new-born babe seems to partake more of angelic than of human melody. We know not the origin of the following, but it is suggestive:

I passed a dwelling in Duke-street. The front door was open, and close by the step sat a young wife singing to her babe. There was a low, sweet melody in her voice. True, the words were very simple, but all the fascination of song was there. The little babe, not yet able to make the adventurous circuit of the room, lay quietly upon her lap; its little hands were folded across its breast, and its soft, beautiful eyes seemed to dilate with joy and wonderment as the musical sound fell upon his ears.

Singing to her babe! A scene, indeed, to touch the soul with quiet pleasure. A mother's heart wrapped up in her first-born; her joy, her light, her very life! Already she was dropping soft, welcome sounds into the teachable soul. I could not help murmuring:

"Rich, though poor!
That low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven—
Music is in it—and the songs she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife, arrests the ear
Of the young child awake upon her knee."

Singing to her babe! Would it be hers to lead those tiny feet into the way of righteousness, and by the river of everlasting life?

"She was one who held a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
Did it mar her heart's deep pleasure,
The fear it might be lost!"

She could instill into that young, impressible mind, the knowledge of good and evil, the life-toned integrity of the soul, the earnest faith that hopeth and believeth all things in Christ. As she watched its slow, yet delightful appreciation of objects and words—as she noticed its developing intellect—did she feel her responsibility? Was she conscious that she held the silken chords in her own hands that were to bind the present to the future?

Singing to her babe! As I gazed upon the scene I could not help wondering what the fate of that dear child might be. Would it treasure her precepts, and follow her example? or would it drift idly about on the sea of life, careless where its world of truth might be, and sinking at last into a dishonored grave? Would it exclaim, when age lined the dark locks with silver and added a tremor to the voice—

"Yes, I have left the golden shore,
Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd;
These sunny dreams will come no more
That youth a long, bright Sabbath made.
Yet, while these dreams of memory's eye
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song again!"

BOX ON AN ATHEIST'S EAR.—A writer, illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need be treated with contempt and ridicule, observes that all the blows inflicted by the Herculean club of certain logicians, are not half so effectual as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of some charming beauty.

After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to avenge himself by saying:

"Pardon my error, ladies. I did not imagine that in a house where wit lives with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in G.-A."

"You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the house, "my horse, my dog, my cat, share the honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.—Something like the above was the title of a capital article in Frazer's Magazine. Below is an original specimen of the art:

"Massa, you know dem big glass shades what am arive last night?" "Well," said his master. "Well, dey was put in de store-room," continued the boy. "Well," continued the master, looking inquiringly. "Well, I was peelin' de apples, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one of dem out, and"—"Well," said his master, impatiently. "Well, just as I was gwine to db"—"You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel!" anticipated the master. "No I did n't, nudder," said the negro sulkily. "Well, what then?" said his master, recovering. "Why, I struck him agin de corner of de shelf, and he broke hisself all to pieces."

WORK AND WORRY.—H. W. Beecher hit the nail upon the head when he said:

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction. Fear secretes acids; but love and trust are sweet juices.

Furniture, Stationery, and Miscellaneous Items.

PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION—1861.—The following Plan of Episcopal Visitation was agreed upon by the bench of Bishops at their annual meeting in Cincinnati.

CONFERENCE.	PLACE.	TIME.	BISHOP.
Missouri	Jefferson City...	March 7	Morris.
Baltimore	Staunton, Va...	" 13	Scott.
East Baltimore	Chambersburg.	" 13	Simpson.
Western Virginia	Wheeling	" 13	Baker.
Kentucky	Maysville	" 14	Ames.
Philadelphia	Philadelphia	" 20	Janes.
Pittsburg	M'Connellsville	" 20	Ames.
Kansas	Manhattan	" 21	Morris.
New Jersey	Bordentown	" 27	Simpson.
Providence	Providence	April 3	Simpson.
New England	Cambridgeport.	" 3	Baker.
Newark	Rahway	" 3	Ames.
North Indiana	New Castle	" 3	Janes.
Nebraska	Nebraska City	" 4	Morris.
New Hampshire	Concord	" 10	Janes.
Wyoming	Owego	" 11	Simpson.
Oneida	Utica	" 17	Janes.
Troy	Albany	" 17	Ames.
Vermont	Barre	" 17	Scott.
Black River	Pulaski	" 24	Baker.
Maine	South Paris	May 1	Scott.
New York	Poughkeepsie	" 8	Baker.
New York East	Brooklyn	" 8	Ames.
East Maine	Searsport	" 15	Scott.
Erie	Warren, Penn	July 17	Morris.
German Mission	Bremen, Germ	" 17	Janes.
Oregon	Eugene City	August 7	Simpson.
East Genesee	Towanda	" 21	Baker.
Iowa	Burlington	" 21	Scott.
North Ohio	Millersburg	" 28	Janes.
Central Illinois	Lacon	" 28	Ames.
Cincinnati	Springfield	Sept. 4	Morris.
Upper Iowa	Marshalltown	" 4	Scott.
Ohio	Circleville	" 11	Janes.
California	Sacramento	" 11	Simpson.
West Wisconsin	Madison	" 11	Baker.
South-Eastern Indiana	Jeffersonville	" 18	Morris.
Western Iowa	Council Bluffs	" 18	Scott.
Wisconsin	Fond du Lac	" 18	Baker.
Central Ohio	Kenton	" 18	Ames.
Indiana	Rockport	" 25	Janes.
Detroit	Detroit	" 25	Ames.
North-West Wisconsin	Galesville	" 26	Baker.
Rock River	Freeport	Oct. 2	Scott.
Michigan	Battle Creek	" 2	Ames.
Minnesota	Minneapolis	" 3	Baker.
Illinois	Carlinville	" 9	Janes.
North-Western Indiana	South Bend	" 10	Scott.
Genesee	Albion	" 16	Ames.
Southern Illinois	Salem	" 23	Janes.
Liberia	Cape Palmas	Jan. 16	Burns.

SURPLUS PRODUCE OF THE NORTH-WEST.—Some idea of the immense production of the North-Western States may be formed from the fact that, according to the best authorities, not less than \$600,000,000 of property will be transported both ways over the great national highway of our northern lakes during the twelve months commencing with August last. The following is a tolerably-accurate showing of the navigation force of the lakes:

	Number.	Value.
Steamers	150.	\$4,500,000
Propellers	200.	5,000,000
Barks	60.	800,000
Brigs	100.	1,000,000
Schooners	1,000.	8,500,000
Total	1,510	\$19,800,000

THE FIRST HAT SHOP IN THE COUNTRY.—The Danbury (Conn.) Times, in a history of hat manufacturing in this country, says that the first building ever erected in this country as a hat shop was built in Danbury, and

the first hat ever made in the United States was made in that town by Zadoc Benedict, about the year 1780. Since that time many fortunes have been made in Danbury in this branch of trade. In those days hats were made of fur—now, mostly of pasteboard and silk. The former cost from six to ten dollars each, but were never graceful or light. The modern hat costing but half that sum is more elegant, but not so easy to the wearer.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—A number of bricks of bright-red color, longer and wider than those in present use, and bearing evidences of having been carefully pressed and burnt, were discovered in an ancient brick-kiln recently exhumed by some workmen in Memphis. These relics of an ancient race have been buried for untold years; the earth around showing no signs of ever having been disturbed.

CHURCHES IN BALTIMORE.—Roman Catholic, 21; Protestant Episcopal, 21; Presbyterian, 16; Methodist Episcopal, 20; Methodist Protestant, 6; African Methodist Episcopal, 5; German Reformed, 4; Baptist, 10; Christian Church, 1; Lutheran, 9; Evangelical Association, 2; Independent Churches, 2; Seamen's Union Bethel, 2; Friends, 3; Universalist, 1; Unitarian, 2; Swedenborgian, 3; Jewish Synagogues, 6; United Brethren in Christ, 1; Otterbein Church, 1; St. Peter Evangelical Lutheran Congregation of the Unaltered Congregation, 1; making an aggregate of one hundred and sixty-seven church edifices in the city. Several more are now proposed to be built.

FIRST METHODIST PREACHER IN AFRICA.—A writer in the September issue of the Irish Evangelist claims for Irish Methodism the honor of giving to Africa, as well as to America, the first Methodist preacher. The Irish Conference of 1813 gave authority to Dr. Coke to take seven young men of the Conference and establish missions at the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, and Java. John M'Kenney, a native of Colerain, and of Methodist parentage, was one of the seven who volunteered to go out with Dr. Coke as a missionary, and was left by the Doctor at the Cape of Good Hope. He was the first Methodist missionary established permanently on the continent. Through him Irish Methodism now claims to be the parent of Methodism in Africa.

ALUMINUM.—The price of aluminum in 1831 was \$175 per pound, and two years ago was reduced to \$25, and is now on the point of being still further lowered. An English manufacturer of chemical products is fitting up a factory to produce the metal at thirty-six shillings sterling, which, taking the lightness of the metal into consideration, would make proportion of cost about \$5 for articles in aluminum which in silver would cost \$50.

MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.—is the greatest manufacturing city in the world. The steam force employed in its various mills and factories amounts to 1,200,000 horse-power. To produce this enormous motive 20,000 tons of coal are consumed every twenty-four hours, or 9,390,000 tons in the three hundred and thirteen working days of the year.

POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.—The following table contains the popular vote for President in 1860. It is carefully prepared from the latest official returns accessible at the time of our giving it into the printer's hands:

States.	Lincoln.	Douglas.	Breckinridge.	Bell.	Fusion.	Total.
Alabama.	13,646	48,831	27,866	90,343
Arkansas.	5,227	28,732	20,094	54,053
California.	38,702	38,060	34,041	8,793	119,596
Conn.	43,792	15,522	14,859	1,485	2,099	77,757
Delaware.	3,815	1,023	7,337	3,864	16,039
Florida.	88	5,034	2,927	8,049
Georgia.	11,606	52,131	43,050	106,787
Illinois.	172,595	160,823	2,399	4,951	340,768
Indiana.	139,033	115,509	12,234	5,306	272,142
Iowa.	70,234	55,043	1,033	1,756	128,066
Kentucky.	1,306	25,644	52,836	66,016	145,862
Louisiana.	7,626	22,687	20,205	50,518
Maine.	62,370	29,476	6,388	2,008	100,242
Maryland.	2,895	5,953	42,511	41,785	93,144
Mass.	106,533	34,370	5,939	22,331	169,173
Michigan.	88,479	65,052	805	400	184,736
Minnesota.	22,384	11,898	770	44	35,096
Miss.	3,283	40,797	25,050	69,130
Missouri.	17,070	58,801	31,317	58,372	165,560
N. H.	37,519	25,881	2,112	411	65,923
N. J.	58,341	3,751	57,223	119,315
New York.	372,643	322,510	695,153
N. C.	2,701	48,539	44,390	96,230
Ohio.	231,610	187,232	11,405	12,193	442,440
Oregon.	5,368	5,067	4,144	192	14,771
Penn.	268,070	16,677	12,809	178,871	476,427
R. Island.	12,244	7,105	90	341	19,790
S. C.*
Tenn.	10,384	65,953	69,710	145,147
Texas.	47,547	47,547	15,438	62,985
Vermont.	33,088	7,848	1,859	217	43,612
Virginia.	1,640	16,223	74,180	74,384	166,427
Wisconsin.	86,110	65,021	888	161	152,180
	1,876,501	1,006,540	696,558	571,711	576,141	4,697,451

ELECTORAL VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.—The total vote by States is as follows:

LINCOLN.		BRECKINRIDGE.		BELL.	
California.	4	Alabama.	9		
Connecticut.	6	Arkansas.	4		
Illinois.	11	Delaware.	3		
Indiana.	13	Florida.	3		
Iowa.	4	Georgia.	10		
Maine.	8	Louisiana.	6		
Massachusetts.	13	Michigan.	8		
Michigan.	6	Mississippi.	7		
Minnesota.	4	North Carolina.	10		
New Hampshire.	5	South Carolina.	8		
New Jersey.	4	Texas.	4		
New York.	35	Total.	72		
Ohio.	23				
Oregon.	3				
Pennsylvania.	27				
Rhode Island.	4	Kentucky.	12		
Vermont.	5	Tennessee.	12		
Wisconsin.	5	Virginia.	15		
		Total.	39		
				Douglas.	
		New Jersey.	3		
Whole electoral vote.	303	Missouri.	9		
Lincoln's majority over all.	57	Total.	12		

THE TEMPORALITIES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.—There are in the patronage of the Sovereign, that is, virtually, of her Majesty's ministers, about 200 dignities, such as archbishops, bishops, deaneries, etc., and 290 livings, of the annual value of \$1,776,000. The Lord Renfrew has the disposal of 29 livings, worth \$35,520. The Lord Chancellor disposes of 778 dignities and livings, of the value of \$888,000. The Duchy of Lancaster has 48 livings; value, \$66,600. The archbishops and bishops, the deans and chapters, have the disposal of 4,000 dignities and livings, of the

value of \$4,440,000. There are in the gift of the University of Oxford 482 livings; value, \$666,000; Cambridge has 306 livings; value, \$444,000. The livings under private patronage are 6,063, with an income of nearly \$8,880,000. This gives for the Church in England 13,215 dignities and livings, with a gross income of nearly \$17,760,000. The Irish branch of the Church has two archbishops and thirteen bishops, with 300 dignities and 2,000 livings, possessing an annual income of nearly \$4,440,000. The total number, therefore, of dignities and livings in the United Church of England and Ireland is 15,500, realizing an aggregate income of more than \$17,000,000, or nearly £5,000,000 sterling. These calculations are based on the published values of the various dignities and livings, the actual value being in very many cases much greater.

DEER FORESTS IN ENGLAND.—It seems almost incredible that in a small island like England more than fifty thousand acres of good land in the New Forest are appropriated to the keeping of a few thousand deer, and a farm of four hundred acres employed to raise hay for the support of these deer during the Winter months. The expense of keeping these deer amounts to \$250,000 per annum. This tract of land has existed in its present unprofitable state since the reign of William the Conqueror.

HILLSBORO FEMALE COLLEGE.—Rev. William G. W. Lewis has been elected President of this institution, and is now in charge of the school. He succeeds Rev. J M'D. Mathews, who resigned early this Winter to remove to Nicholasville, Ky.

DR. LEVINGS'S MONUMENT.—A suitable monument has at length been erected to this eloquent and eminent minister. His remains were removed from Cincinnati and deposited in Greenwood Cemetery. The monument is a plain obelisk ten feet high, standing on a base of about four feet, and having a suitable inscription. The contributions made for this purpose by his friends a few years since have been faithfully appropriated to the object.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH.—The mission of the American Baptist Union among the Karens in Burmah has a wonderful history. Only thirty years ago the first convert was baptized, and now the number of Church members is over fifteen thousand, and the natives under regular Christian instruction amount to more than 100,000.

DISTINGUISHED DEAD.—Dr. George Croly, the author of "Salathiel," "The Angel of the World," and other works, died of apoplexy on the streets of London, November 24th, aged eighty years. As a poet he was of no mean rank, and as a divine he stood high among his brethren of the Established Church. His most popular work is Salathiel, founded on the legend of the wandering Jew.

The Chevalier Christian Karl Josias Bunsen also recently died at the age of seventy years. In 1841 he was promoted to the ambassadorship to England, filling this high official position till 1853. Since that time he occupied his time more fully as an author, publishing "Hippolytus," "Philosophy of Universal History," "Egypt's Place in Universal History," and some other works.

* Elected by Legislature.

Familiar Papers.

(1.) **LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC.** *By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. In two volumes. Vol. II. Logie.* 8vo. 715 pp. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Cincinnati: George S. Blanchard.—In 1836 Mr. Hamilton was elected Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, and continued to occupy that chair, with distinguished ability, till 1856, when he died. The two volumes, of which the second is now before us, comprise the Biennial Course he was accustomed to deliver to the students through that entire period of twenty years. They comprise, therefore, his most elaborate thoughts in a department in which he stood preëminent, and, what is more, his most elaborate expression of those thoughts. We know of no one—certainly there is no one in modern times—who has taken a broader survey or explained more thoroughly the whole range of philosophy. We were struck with this trait in the character of Sir W. Hamilton, as early as 1847, when examining the Edinburgh edition of the works of Thomas Reid, which was edited by him. In a word, he has rifled the storehouse of antiquity to enrich his own philosophy. His comprehensive knowledge, his masterly power of analysis, the clearness and force of his reasoning, and his perspicuity of style and his wealth of illustration, give peculiar value to his works. No student in philosophy should feel that his library is complete without them. The fragments gathered in the Appendix indicate something of the additional contributions to philosophy that might have been expected, had not their author been cut down in the manhood of his strength.

(2.) **JOHN ALBERT BENGEL'S GNOMON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT:** *Pointing out the Natural Force of the Words, the Simplicity, Depth, Harmony, and Saving Power of its Divine Thoughts. A New Translation.* *By Charlton T. Lewis, M. A., and Marvin R. Vincent, M. A., Professors in Troy University.* Vol. I. Philadelphia: Perkinpine & Higgins. 8vo. pp. 925. \$5. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, at the Western Book Concern, Cincinnati. The object of this great work is very fully stated in the title-page. It was originally written in Latin, and published in 1742. How it was esteemed by Wesley may be gathered from the fact that, among his other multifarious literary and theological works, he translated a part of it into English. It has been now newly translated by Professors Lewis and Vincent from the original Latin; and to make their edition more complete, they have connected with the text such extracts from later writers as will guard the reader against views now refuted, and also give him the light shed by later researches upon the New Testament. Tholuck passed upon Bengel the distinguished compliment of saying, "The pointings of his fingers are sunbeams, and his hints gleams of lightning." He is precise, full of thought, suggestive, admirable in spirit, and, at every point, shows a hearty love and veneration for the Word of God. We doubt whether any other commentator, in any language or in any age, has concentrated more real value in the interpretation of the New Testament into so small a space.

The translators have executed their task with equal skill and fidelity; and the book is published in a style befitting its intrinsic value.

(3.) **SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY DIALOGUES—PACKAGE II.**—This package comprises 23 dialogues, conversations, and recitations—adapted to Sunday school anniversaries. In the aggregate it makes 434 pages, and yet is sold at the low price of 30 cents.

(4.) **THE PERCY FAMILY IN EUROPE. The Baltic to Vesuvius.** *By D. C. Eddy.* 16mo. 256 pp. Boston: A. F. Graves. Cincinnati: J. P. Morgan.—This is the third in a series, the first volumes of which we have not seen. It is a charming little volume to put into the hands of the young. The incidents of travel, the personal adventures in and about Venice, Rome, Naples, etc., the anecdotes concerning Victor Emanuel, Garibaldi, etc., together with the family conversations by the way, give life and interest to the narrative. "Over the Alps and Down the Rhine," will complete the series.

(5.) **PART 21 OF CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA**—extending from Burns to Calico—has come to hand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

(6.) **ABOVE HER STATION. The Story of a Woman's Life.** *By Mrs. Herman Philip.* 12mo. 231 pp. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co.—This is evidently a *Life Story*. There is no attempt to adorn it, to make it sensational by filling it with tragic details; but it has the true adorning of simplicity and naturalness. It is a scene of continental life in the Old World, but it is not without its parallels in the New World. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

(7.) **PARKERISM** is the theme of three discourses by Revs. William F. Warren, Fales H. Newhall, and Gilbert Haven, respectively. The first discusses The Good and the Evil in the Opinions and Influence, the second The Life-Work, and the third The Character and Career of Theodore Parker. The points in each of these discourses are well put and ably sustained. Combined, they form a timely and excellent résumé of the life and labors of the great heresiarch. It is well that we have such résumé on record. Our young ministers would do well to acquaint themselves with this work. New York: Carlton & Porter.

(8.) **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JANE FAIRFIELD.** *Embracing a few select poems of Sumner Lincoln Fairfield.* 12mo. 330 pp. Boston: Bazin & Ellsworth.—A strange autobiography, but not without a moral. Unsettled religious faith; selfishness predominating over filial affection when her parents most needed that affection; an ill-judged, hasty marriage—unblessed by the approval of loving parents; and then—the natural consequences of such a beginning in life—long years of disappointment, mortification, and sorrow—these things, told in an easy and not inelegant style, make up the staple of this volume. Under other auspices the "life-story" of the author might have been widely different. She is evidently a woman of great energy of character,

and possessed of accomplishments of a high order. Few will take up the book without reading it to the end; a few will read it to the end without having moral reflections awakened which it is not the primary design of the book to inculcate. For sale by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

(9.) **BUDS, BLOSSOMS, AND BERRIES** is the quaint title of a choice juvenile book, by Mrs. Helen L. Bostwick. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. The getting-up of the book is as beautiful as its contents.

(10.) **POETS AND POETRY OF THE WEST**, with *Critical and Biographical Notes*. By W. T. Coggeshall. Columbus: Follett, Foster & Co. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8vo. 868 pp.—We have already heralded quite fully the coming of this work. Mr. Coggeshall is an untiring connoisseur in this department of literature, and has laid the West under many obligations. In this volume, we find honorable mention of quite a number of the contributors of the *Ladies' Repository*. It contains brief biographical sketches of 142 poets of the West, together with appropriate specimens of the composition of each.

(11.) **METHODISM SUCCESSFUL, AND THE INTERNAL CAUSES OF ITS SUCCESS**. By Rev. B. F. Teft, D. D., LL. D. With a Letter of Introduction by Bishop Janes. New York: Derby & Jackson. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. \$1.—Book-buyers seldom obtain inside views of Methodism, except in the authorized publications of our Church; and any judicious effort to convey information respecting our peculiar doctrines or usages in other than the accustomed channels, must be commended. This work of Dr. Teft contains a fair showing of the internal spirit and economy of Methodism, and the principal causes of its success. The author gives evidence of his ardent attachment to Methodism, including its genius, its organization, its institutions, and its men of mark. It must be confessed, however, that the matter is overdone; so much so as to seriously impair the value of the work.

(12.) **THE CHRISTIAN MAIDEN**. *Memorials of Eliza Hassel*. By Joshua Priestly. 16mo. 357 pp. New York: Carlton & Porter. Cincinnati: Poe & Hitchcock.—A charming picture of an accomplished woman and a useful life. The young lady, emulous of self-improvement, will here find not only a suggestive lesson, but also a practical example.

(13.) **MORAL AND RELIGIOUS QUOTATIONS FROM THE POETS**. *Topically Arranged*. By William Rice, A. M. New York: Published by Carlton & Porter, 1861. 8vo. pp. 338. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, at the *Western Book Concern*.—This volume contains some four thousand quotations from six hundred authors. It comprises extracts from the British poets, from Chaucer downward; extracts from the poets of our own country, selections from the best translations of the Latin hymns of the ancient Church, and also of the lyrical poetry of the nations of continental Europe. Our readers will see the wide range from which these selections have been made. We will only add that they are made with excellent taste and judgment, and so arranged as to make reference to them easy. The book is got up in superior style, and is a choice gift book.

(14.) **SUNDAY SCHOOL CELEBRATION BOOK**. By Grace and Ida May. 18mo. 202 pp. Philadelphia: Perkins & Higgins. For sale by Poe & Hitchcock, at the *Western Book Concern*.—This is a collection of dialogues, speeches, hymns, etc., adapted to Sunday school anniversary purposes. It will be found a useful help to superintendents and teachers who have occasion to get up Sunday school celebrations.

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(17.) **MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE**. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. 2 volumes. Harper & Brothers, New York. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—"Varieties in English Life" is esteemed by many readers to be the best of Bulwer's society novels. We have not read it. In this short, busy life, we find little leisure for reading of this character. We see it stated, however, on good authority, that while this work embodies the maturity of Bulwer's genius, it is also free from the objections so strongly urged against his earlier productions.

(18.) **LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON**. By James Parton. Vol. II. 8vo. 672 pp. New York: Mason Brothers.—The first volume of this great work of Mr. Parton has been before the public some time. We have just finished the second; and at the time of this writing, notice that the third has just made its appearance. The work is therefore complete. To it Mr. Parton has devoted five years of hard toil. The result is a work of rich and permanent value—an instructive and impartial biography. Gen. Jackson was a man of iron will, and not only did he give character to the policy of his own times, but his influence has been potent in the politics of the country to the present time. Mr. Parton writes in a clear and graphic style; tells an anecdote with rare felicity; and develops the different epochs or radical transitions in our political history with philosophical acumen. We had marked several passages for extracts, and also several anecdotes that were new, at least to us; and we may as well add, that we had noted a few exceptions; but the brief space we can devote to a notice like this compels us to omit them. Take it all in all, this work will rank among our standard American works on biography. For sale by G. S. Blanchard, Cincinnati.

(19.) **SOCIAL WELFARE AND HUMAN PROGRESS**. By C. S. Henry, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co. 12mo. 415 pp.—Dr. Henry is a vigorous writer, and has produced a work of sterling value. Though severely didactic, it does not exhibit the mannerism of the pulpit; and without being sprightly, it is not dull. In his political discussions, the author is manly and outspoken; and in treating of our national affairs, he is hopeful for the country, and for its progressive development and civilization. It is a timely publication, and can cheerfully be commended.

(20.) **SELECT LECTURES AND SERMONS.** *By Rev. William Morley Punshon. With an Introduction by Rev. Geo. C. Robinson.* Cincinnati: Applegate & Co. 12mo. pp. 350.—If we apply to Mr. Punshon the old rule of judging a man's mental structure by his quotations, we can not assign him a very high place. His style is fervid and glowing, and is rather to be characterized by its picturesqueness than by its strength. The specimens of lectures and sermons included in this volume are among the best of Mr. Punshon's productions.

(21.) **THE VOICE OF THE PROPHETS; or, Annotations on the Apocalypse.** *By Rev. P. E. Royse.* Louisville, Ky.: Published by the Author. Imp. 8vo. pp. 464.—Of late years the Apocalypse has been a favorite book for exposition, yet its mysteries have never been satisfactorily unfolded, and probably will not be till the prophecies are accomplished. Still, there are occasionally some happy conjectures as to their significance. The present volume is an attempt to interpret these mysteries; and the author seems to follow the lead of Dr. Baldwin's Armageddon in making America the great battle-field of Divine Providence. The historical illustrations are gathered from various sources accessible to every Biblical student, and are quite numerous. The value of the critical annotations we do not think enhanced by the copious extracts from Pollok's Course of Time.

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New York Literary Correspondence.

New York City—Its Growth—Suburbs—Sources of Prosperity.

LEAVING the "strifes of tongues," that now "fill the air and darken heaven," to those who delight in such things, or whose fears have gotten the better of their nerves, I, having just now been looking over certain facts and statistics respecting our goodly city, have with their aid attempted to cast its horoscope—and here I send you the result and the process by which I gained it. I can not claim that it is especially a *literary* production, though its statements and deductions are eminently *literal*.

The magnitude of the city of New York, and its intimate relations with every part of this country, and with all parts of the New as well as with much of the Old World, render its affairs a subject of general interest. Its growth during the past seventy years is wholly unprecedented in the history of modern cities, nor does the annals of the race present another such instance of rapid, continuous, and steadily-accelerating progress. The recent announcement of the results of the decennial census, giving the present population and ascertaining the increase for the past decade, naturally attracts to the subject the attention of the curious, and suggests reflections as to the future. Whether this course of increase is to go on indefinitely, or is soon to decline and cease altogether, is a question which I do not propose to examine; I design simply to look at facts, and if in any case I cast a glance toward the future, it will be done only in the light of those facts.

The city of New York is now just two hundred and fifty years old, reckoning from the first erection of buildings for trade, and the residences of Europeans on the lower end of Manhattan Island. During a little more than fifty years, it—then called New Amsterdam—belonged to Holland, and was the seat of a Dutch colony; and when it passed into the hands of the English under the Duke of York, in 1664, the entire population amounted to less than two thousand. For nearly a hundred years after this event its progress was exceedingly slow, and during the first half of the last century the growth was considerably less than the natural increase of families. In 1750 the population was found by actual enumeration to be about ten thousand. From that date onward to the coming on of the Revolutionary War it grew much more rapidly than before, and at the latter date the population was thought to amount to very little less than twenty-two thousand. The war, of course, effectually stopped this course of prosperity, and at its close it was supposed that its resident population was less than half of what it was at the beginning. Upon the restoration of peace, however, a large portion of the exiled inhabitants returned, and certain local and accidental causes also aided to increase the population of the city, and in 1786 it had more than regained what it had lost during the war. The removal of the General Government from the city, soon after its establishment, left only the natural and normal agencies at work for the growth of the town. In 1790 the first Federal census was taken, and the city of New York was found to contain a little over thirty-three thousand inhabitants—indicating a very large increase during the years in which that city was looked to as the capital of the nation. But this extraordinary cause of prosperity was now taken away, and from that time the progress of the city was to depend upon its own resources. What that progress has been, as ascertained by eight national censuses, will be seen in the annexed table.

Years.	Population.	Increase.	Ratio of Increase.
1790.....	33,131.....		
1800.....	60,489.....	27,358.....	82.54 per cent.
1810.....	96,373.....	35,884.....	59.65 "
1820.....	123,706.....	27,333.....	28.63 "
1830.....	202,850.....	78,883.....	63.68 "
1840.....	312,852.....	110,231.....	54.42 "
1850.....	515,507.....	203,655.....	65.09 "
1860.....	821,113.....	305,606.....	59.26 "

This table shows that the average increase for each term of ten years has been not far from sixty per cent.; and though the rate of increase has not been entirely uniform, yet the variations may be referred to causes sufficiently obvious. The decade from 1790 to 1800 shows the greatest relative growth. The commercial enterprise of the country, which became very active immediately after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, now began to concentrate about that city, and thence to send out its ships to the ends of the world. The demand for the labor and skill of mechanics was thus increased, and a great number of citizens of all kinds were drawn to the city, and by the general activity of business the population was steadily and permanently augmented. During the next decade the rate of increase was less, though the actual addition to the population was greater. But the causes of this relative diminution of the growth are obvious; and during the next ten years the same causes operated still more extensively and disastrously. The relations of the country with Great Britain, by which for several years the commerce of the city was entirely suspended, and for a part of the time the population of the city actually decreased, sufficiently account for this state of the case.

During the years from 1820 to 1830, the city grew with great rapidity. Before the beginning of that term the derangement of the period of the war with Great Britain and its reactions had passed away, and now a steady course of prosperity was enjoyed. In 1825 the Erie canal was opened, and the effect upon the growth of the city was instant and very great, which was even more clearly seen in the advanced price of real estate, and the improved style of building, than in the growth of the population. The next decade—1830-40—embraced the time of four great calamities which befell the city—the visitation of cholera in 1832, and in 1834; the great fire in December, 1835, and the great financial revulsion of 1837, by which the rate of its growth was somewhat retarded, though the increase during that period was more than fifty per cent. The term from 1840 to 1850 exceeded in prosperity any that had preceded, though its precedence must probably be surrendered to that just closed.

The table given above fails to set forth the whole increase of the city—especially for the last twenty or thirty years. Till about thirty years ago, the aggregation of buildings and their inhabitants that makes up the real city was wholly within the political limits of the municipality. But since that time the city has passed beyond its watery walls, so that the real city is greater than the political one. Brooklyn, itself a first-class American city, is, except as to the merely-arbitrary arrangement of distinct municipal corporations, an integral portion of New York; and so of the contiguous settlements in New Jersey, on Staten Island, and in Westchester county. In 1830 the population of the villages now embraced in the city of Brooklyn amounted to a little more than sixteen thousand; in 1840 it had increased to forty-one thousand, and in 1850, to one hundred and twenty-seven thousand. The population of this great suburb is now probably about two hundred and fifty thousand, and the aggregate of all the outlying suburbs, properly integral portions of the city, must be not less than three hundred thousand—making a grand total for the actual city of New York of more than a million and a hundred thousand.

We have thus considered the rate of the city's increase for seventy years past, which has been kept up with a good degree of uniformity, advancing steadily in a fixed ratio upon its own attainments. Allowing the same ratio of increase to the end of the century—only forty years longer—and New York will be one of the greatest, if not indeed the one greatest in the world. Reckoning the population of the city in 1790 at thirty-three thousand, and dividing the years from that time to 1895 into periods of fifteen years each, and doubling the number for each of these periods, we have a regular

geometrical series of seven terms—four of which are past, and two-thirds of the fifth, while the last third of the fifth period and the whole of the sixth and seventh are yet in the future. Those already past, it will be seen, conform very nearly to the actual population of the city, and stranger still, the later portions, if the suburbs are included, exceed its requirements, and 1850 presents more than will be required for 1865. But to extend the reckoning far into the future would carry the numbers quite beyond the imaginings of the most sanguine. We again present the matter in tabular form.

Years.	Terms.	Population.
1790.....	33,000.....	33,131
1805.....	66,000.....	75,570
1820.....	132,000.....	123,706
1835.....	264,000.....	270,089
1850.....	528,000.....	515,507
1865.....	1,056,000.....	
1880.....	2,112,000.....	
1895.....	4,224,000.....	

Here no account is made of any of the suburbs, which it is known are really parts of the city, and which are growing even more rapidly than the city proper, and will hereafter advance by a still greater ratio. To expect the realization of all this would, indeed, seem over-sanguine; and that would have been true forty years ago as to what has since become matter of history. Such rapid progress and gigantic attainments are indeed without precedents in the history of modern cities; but in this case the facts compel us to disregard precedents and analogies, and in our estimates to follow whither the finger of destiny is pointing.

The ratio of the population of the city, as compared with that of the State, and still more as compared with that of the whole country, has increased rapidly, especially during the later portion of the term embraced in this estimate. In 1790 the ratio of the city to the State was as one to eleven, and in 1820 it was yet lower; but in 1850 it had advanced to one-sixth, and now it has probably risen to one to five. Compared with the population of the whole nation in 1790, of each ten thousand, eighty-four were in New York city, in 1850, there were two hundred and twenty-two, and in 1860, not less than three hundred and thirty. We again condense our reckoning into a tabular form.

Years.	Pop. of city.	Pop. of State.	Pop. of U. S.	Ratio of city to State.	Ratio to U. S.
1790.....	33,131.....	341,120.....	3,929,827.....	.0921.....	.0084
1800.....	60,489.....	586,756.....	5,305,941.....	.1030.....	.0114
1810.....	96,373.....	959,049.....	7,239,814.....	.1065.....	.0133
1820.....	123,709.....	1,372,812.....	9,638,191.....	.1091.....	.0129
1830.....	202,589.....	1,913,006.....	12,886,020.....	.1059.....	.0158
1840.....	312,852.....	2,428,921.....	17,069,453.....	.1281.....	.0183
1850.....	515,507.....	3,097,095.....	23,218,199.....	.1665.....	.0222
1860.....	821,113.....	[4,000,000].....	[31,000,000].....	[.2100].....	[.0377]

The rate of increase of the population of the whole country has been pretty uniformly thirty-three and a third per cent. for each ten years. If, then, we should estimate the present number at thirty millions—which is below the reality—ten years hence at that rate we should have forty millions, in 1880, over fifty-three millions, in 1890, seventy millions, and in 1900, ninety millions; or, by estimating from the present actual numbers as a basis, the population of the whole country would amount to a hundred millions. At this last date, our estimate gave the city of New York an aggregate population of five millions, or one-twentieth of the whole; whereas, in 1790, there was in the city only about one to a hundred and twenty; and in 1850, one to forty-five. This reckoning makes no account of the vast suburbs of the city, now containing more than a quarter of a million; and in estimates for the future of the city, these must be included, as the overflowing of the city is steadily sending out large proportions of its people into these suburbs, and these, except those lying in New Jersey, are already partially consolidated with the city government.

As to the probability that any thing approximating to this calculation will be realized, it needs only to be remarked that what has occurred appeared still more improbable at the beginning of the century. It seems reasonable, indeed, that a comparatively-small town should increase by a greater ratio than larger; but New York has increased her rate of progress as she has become larger, and the relative growth of the

last ten years exceeds any that preceded it. The progress of things in this country, and especially in this city, has quite outrun all precedents. The whole civilized world is beginning to do things on a larger scale than formerly, and even the old capitals of Europe are advancing more rapidly than ever before. The changed condition of the world, and especially of the commercial world, requires larger cities than formerly. With the increase of wealth, and of the arts, a larger proportion of the people reside in cities—a change that has been steadily going forward in this country. The rich and luxurious congregate in and about great towns, whither also resort those who minister to their wants and caprices. New York has also large sources of prosperity in other things than its commerce—in its manufactures and buildings, its schools and public institutions—but these are only incidental, while commerce is the great source of its activity and increase. This commerce reaches inward to nearly every village and settlement of the country, and outward to every part of the world. It is constantly enlarging its operations and increasing its appliances, especially by the aid of steam, both on sea and land. The most remote regions are now as accessible as were, fifty years ago, the nearest foreign countries, and Europe is now visited with as little difficulty as was then our own domestic seaports. As the result of this facility of traveling and transportation, trade is becoming concentrated at a few great centers. The growing, and probably soon-to-be universal policy of free-trade, is rapidly obliterating the boundaries of states and kingdoms, as to commerce, and rendering trade cosmopolitan; and as it is quite evident that all North America will have but one such center on the Atlantic, so it is equally evident that that one must be New York.

The most difficult part of this problem may seem to be, to tell the people to so greatly augment our population. No doubt we shall have large accessions to our population from abroad; but the fountains whence our foreign supplies have been drawn would be exhausted without satisfying the demand. We know not what revolutions, political or social, may send the inhabitants of Europe by millions to our shores, and what causes may draw hither large portions of the countless myriads of Asia, to become incorporated into the mass of our nation. Such a course of things would indeed be less surprising as viewed from the present, than would the present state of things, if contemplated half a century since. But the resources of the future population of New York are much less in foreign countries than at home; for every portion of this country is now sending vast colonies into the metropolis. The increase of population in the State of New York for the last ten years is about nine hundred thousand—more than half of which is in this city and its adjuncts—and of the moderate increase of the rest of the State, nearly the whole has taken places in the cities and large towns. In all the Eastern and Middle States the strictly-rural population has increased very little since 1840, while that of the cities and large towns has doubled. This tendency of the people to cities is likely to increase rather than diminish; and further still, the great cities will more and more tend to swallow up the smaller ones. This, then, is the fountain from which New York is to draw her future millions, and by virtue of her supply of native-born citizens, descendants of the original American stock, she will be in character as well as in greatness the real metropolis of the nation.

Nature has done every thing for New York to render it the commercial capital of North America. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world—with room for all the shipping afloat, and depth of water enough, at the wharves, and in the bay, and at the entrance, for ships of the very largest size. The noble Hudson, navigable for one hundred and sixty miles, reaches directly into the interior, and from its head of navigation the Erie Canal, now enlarged to the capacity of a great river, reaches out to the great lakes, making all that vast chain tributary to New York, while nearly the whole system of railroads, extending from east to west, directly or otherwise tend to the same point. The rapid filling up of the great Northwest, with a thrifty and enterprising population, and the development of its immense resources, has been a principal element of its recently-accelerated increase, while it is man-

fest that the capabilities of that region are as yet scarcely suspected; and all of this belongs to New York by a law that no imaginable contingency can set aside. Even now Ohio has become the vegetable garden of New York; Michigan and Wisconsin are her forests; Kentucky, Tennessee, and Texas her pastures; and Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota her harvest-fields. And in turn these wealthy and flourishing States may claim ownership in New York as their market-town, and the gate through which they send out their surplus productions and receive in return the riches of foreign countries.

As a commercial city, New York is a partner in interest with the whole world, irrespective of national boundaries; and as the metropolis of the new world she is directly interested in the increase of any and all of its States. Accordingly, there is now a rich field for her commerce—though hitherto very partially cultivated—opening to her merchants in Central and South America. The manufacturers of New England are creating markets for their fabrics in all parts of the world, and especially in those regions—receiving in return the commodities of those countries; and of this trade New York is the center and point of entry and distribution. Cuba, without the expense and agitation of political annexation, is becoming a commercial dependency of this country, and so will contribute her quota to the growth of New York. Mexico and the Central American States are steadily becoming more intimately connected with this country, and when the needed treaties, which commercial interests must soon secure, shall be made, their peace and consequent prosperity will be secured, and our "merchant princes" will then collect and appropriate their willing tribute. The immense and prolific regions of South America—Brazil and the valleys of the Orinoco, the Amazon and the La Plata, each rivaling in extent and fertility that of our own Mississippi—are annually growing into importance in our commerce, and offering uncounted stores of wealth to the skilled labor and enterprise of this country. Evidently the commerce of the world is yet in its infancy; its immediate and rapid development is almost absolutely assured, and with this the vast growth of its great centers.

For a town, whose population shall be counted by millions, the ground-plat of New York has many decided advantages,

both as respects Manhattan Island and the surrounding localities. Lying among friths and bays, it combines the solidity of Petro with the aquatic beauties and advantages of Venice. The future city, though still holding her seat between the rivers, will also take in the whole western portion of Long Island and the whole of Staten Island, with large portions of the mainland beyond the Harlem River and in New Jersey. Even now these places are becoming the seats of large villages, the residences of men who spend the business hours in town, and are in fact of its people. Here, too, are found the suburban villas of the opulent, and numerous charitable, religious, and literary institutions, by all of which these recent scenes of rural industry are now animated with the stir and bustle of city life. At the close of the century New York will probably be a much less compact city than it now is, and already our people are becoming used to long home-journeys. Conveyances at minimum rates and available at all times are coming into use, so that a residence of five miles, or five leagues from one's place of business is neither unusual nor specially undesirable. Forty years hence New York will be a city of villas and colleges, with gardens and parks, and clusters of dwellings among cultivated fields and woodlands, extending over an area fifty miles in diameter, of which the old City Hall will be the center.

I write only what the past and present point to, not forgetting that whatever is future is uncertain. I write, too, without making any account of the noise of political distractions that swells on the breeze about me; because I am satisfied that whether or not there shall be a political disruption of the States, a commercial one is impossible, and that whether in the nation or out of it, the dominions of King Cotton will be compelled to pay tribute to the money-kings of Gotham. And were it otherwise, the ordinary increase of the free States in a single decade would more than compensate for the loss of the entire trade of the whole cotton-growing region. The hand of Divine Providence has thus far wonderfully prospered our city; and only by his blessing can its prosperity be prolonged and increased. When its decline and overthrow shall come—if come they shall—they will be the fruits of moral rather than either economical or political causes, which may God forgive!

Editor's Table.

ENTRANCE TO THE COWIE RIVER.—The Cowie River, whose mouth is situated about sixty miles north east of Port Elizabeth, is one of those mountain torrents so peculiar to South Africa, taking its rise far inland, and making its passage between two lofty heights crowned with rich foliage of ancient timber, from whose branches hangs pendent a fringe of gray moss, giving an air of venerable grandeur to these solemn shades, where from eternity the woodman's ax has never sounded. As the waters approach the sea, the channel widens into a broad expanse, giving space for their waves to roll, and lose themselves from between these lofty heights of many hundred feet in their parent ocean. At the entrance there is a bar of sand, which renders it incapable of navigation to any but very small vessels and boats, to the short distance of six miles into the interior, although, under the management of skillful hands, it might become a port of the first consequence. Graham's Town is distant twenty-eight miles direct north. The village of Bathurst is situated about eight miles from the mouth of the Cowie, and visible from its elevated banks, and may be considered a delightful specimen of South African climate and scenery.

Capt. Bradford, who spent some time in this portion of South Africa, thus alludes to the scenery and also to the results of the missions established among the people:

The view from my temporary abode, situated on a sloping eminence, was of a rich and highly-diversified country—magnificent forests covering the sides of abrupt heights, or broken and lofty cones; soft and mellow undulations, verdant pasture-land stretching out into extended plains of luxuriant herbage, clumps of trees and shrubs scattered in happy profusion; with here and there herds of cattle, in picturesque groups, giving a life, and adding an additional charm, as if Nature were blending the loveliness of our English park scenery with all the wild, romantic beauty of her own solitudes. In the distance was visible the deep blue ocean, stretching out beyond the reach of vision, leaving the mind exhausted in the attempt to trace its boundless whelming waters. A few neat houses, scattered up and down the sides of an easy ascent, their white fronts and neatly-thatched roofs peeping out from amidst the luxuriant foliage of trees and shrubs—a very pretty church in the Gothic style, crowning the height, telling the stranger that, even in this far-off corner, God is acknowledged as the gracious author of all the beauty of the surrounding landscape—let all this be associated in the mind with the brightness of the morning sun shedding its luster and warming with its rays this lovely spot, and we realize the living picture of an African scene.

During my travels in Africa, my attention was particularly attracted by the efficiency and suitableness of the infant-school system, for disciplining the minds of children of heathen parents to that regularity, and laying the foundation for that moral and religious knowledge, upon which their future education is intended to be erected. The cheerful and happy demeanor of the little Hottentot children, when under the immediate care of their kind instructors, quite won my heart to these institutions, and, by personal examination of the children, I was rejoiced to find how much Christian, as well as general knowledge, in proportion to their years, their infant minds had imbibed. I scarcely know any thing that could operate more strongly on the sympathies of a Christian mind, or stimulate it more to benevolent exertion in behalf of missions, than the personal view of these children, rescued from the spiritual bondage of their forefathers, and with their tender voices hymning the praises of their Redeemer.

The Hottentots are particularly fond of psalmody, and have been peculiarly gifted with a talent for that part of Christian worship. Almost every Hottentot possesses a fine ear for music, and a good voice; the males and females naturally falling into first and second, without any kind of instruction. Situated as many of their places of worship are, in the retired seclusion of some lovely glen or mountain solitude, far from the turmoil of civilized man, the effects of these scenes on a stranger and a Christian is quite overpowering. The sweet melody of their voices, harmonizing in full unison the praises of that Redeemer, whose light had so lately come to shine into their hearts—to hear his name repeated in deep tones of adoration from their dark faces—their calm and peaceful demeanor, together with the sober stillness of their native mountains—sheds a pathos over the scene, which time can never efface.

On one occasion, I was returning from a morning walk among the Kat River Mountains, and came unexpectedly on a small circle of Hottentot cottages, and, hearing singing, I gently drew near, when I beheld a group of about twenty persons assembled in an open space, being the families residing in the vicinity. They were just finishing a hymn, when I took my stand at the corner of a cottage, not to interrupt them. An aged man then stood up, and exhorted them in their native language to Christian piety. This was followed by a prayer and another hymn. I afterward learned this was the usual morning service of these primitive Christians, assembling together as one family. One woman burst into sobbing during the prayer. After the service closed, the whole came up to shake hands with me. On my part, I could not but reflect on the incalculable benefits, both in temporal and spiritual things, that are conferred upon the heathen by Christian missions.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following articles are respectfully declined, namely: Good Night; Ministering Spirits; Annie's Death; Be not Deceived; My Song; A New-Year's Prayer, etc.; Remarks to Teachers; The Unhallowed Bequest and its Sequel; Life's Phases, (write again;) New-Year's; Writers and Religion, (writes too carelessly;) When will the Morning Come? Blighted Hope; Evening Voices; and, The St. Lawrence.

MR. HART, THE LANDSCAPE PAINTER.—The New York Daily Times says: "Wm. Hart is at work for that most constant patron of art, the Methodist Repository of Cincinnati. He is painting a picture of Mount Desert, which is to be engraved by Smillie, and which will add much to his reputation as a faithful portraiter of Nature."

Mr. Hart is fully entitled to this compliment. He already takes rank with the very first landscape painters of our country. No one is more true to Nature. We advise any of our friends who wish to ornament their parlors with a *genuine* picture, to call on Mr. Hart. The engraving in question will be executed by Mr. Well-stood.

THE BORDER TROUBLES.—The Baltimore Christian Advocate has for months been laboring to bring about a disruption of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The late Dr. Bond was one of the most devoted friends of that Church, and will live in history as one of her ablest defenders. That Church has not changed her ecclesiastical position or doctrinal teaching even, on the subject of slavery. She has always in reality affirmed and advised what she now affirms and advises. What Dr. Bond, the younger, has well said with regard to the nation, is true of the Church—"there is no serious cause for all this trouble." But what is to be gained? What result do the secessionists aim at? a great Central Methodist Episcopal Church? To all unprejudiced minds, capable of comprehending this subject, this will be seen, as it truly is—a mere figment. Between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Southern Church there is no middle ground upon which it can stand. It will be ground to powder between the upper and the nether millstone. The figment may serve as a blind for the time being. But the rational destination of those who may make up their minds to leave the old Church is with the Church South. They may as well look the matter soberly in the face at once. When Dr. Bond, the elder, was her standard-bearer, as well as the standard-bearer of the Church, old Baltimore bore a noble testimony. God forbid she should ever revoke it! If our voice can reach a single individual—minister or layman—who is not already rendered purblind by the fell spirit of secession, and who is yet in sympathy with the Methodist Episcopal Church, we would say, "Stand to your ground, my brother; take time; do n't be deceived by partisan representations and inflammatory appeals. Wait, before you desert the home of your childhood and of your manhood, till you have studied more fully the character and motives of the siren that bids you depart; and especially till you have learned *whither* she will lead you."

THE BALTIMORE LAYMAN'S CONVENTION.—The action of this Convention was revolutionary. In the preamble to its resolutions it charges the General Conference with enacting "an entirely new chapter on the subject of slaveholding, making non-slaveholding a test of membership." This contains a statement of an alleged fact, and also an opinion. Every reader of the Discipline must know that the alleged fact is no fact at all; for the General Conference did *not* make "an entirely new chapter." As to the opinion that any new term of membership was instituted, the Bishops, at their late meeting, unanimously adopted the following resolution: "That, in our judgment, there was no action of the late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which changed the terms of membership in said Church." Which shall we credit, the Convention or the Bishops?

The Convention does not propose to secede; but simply that the Baltimore Conference shall "declare that, by its recent unconstitutional and violent action, the Buffalo General Conference has sundered the ecclesiastical connection which has hitherto held us together as one Church, and that the Baltimore Conference does not and can not longer remain under its jurisdiction or submit to its authority." And, secondly, "that the Baltimore and other non-concurring Conferences constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church proper, and

may exercise all the rights, duties, and powers appertaining properly to their position as such."

Here, then, we have the whole of it—at least the whole of the first act in the drama. There is to be *no secession*. The Baltimore Conference is simply to proclaim that the General Conference "has sundered the ecclesiastical connection" between not only the Baltimore and itself, but all the other "non-concurring conferences" and itself; and then to proclaim further that said Conferences constitute the Methodist Episcopal Church. If the General Conference "sundered the ecclesiastical connection" in May, 1860, and if the "non-concurring conferences" then became *de facto* the Methodist Episcopal Church, why all this hubbub about the necessity of "separating" from said Church? Why the necessity of protesting that they "can not longer remain under its jurisdiction or submit to its authority?" We doubt whether the Baltimore Conference will ever make such a preposterous assertion, or follow it with such a preposterous assumption as is here proposed. What bishop would allow such a revolutionary resolution, so subversive of constitutional law and order in the Church, to be put while he occupied the President's chair? No, no. It is a simple question whether these brethren will secede from the Church or remain in it. This idea of becoming *the* Methodist Episcopal Church is really too absurd for serious mention. Even the Convention evidently had fears that its cob-house would tumble down; for it gravely makes a third resolve, leaving indeterminate the position of this *declarative* Methodist Episcopal Church—"whether it shall be that of independence or union with some other branch of the Methodist family, upon such terms as might be mutually satisfactory." Now, this is somewhat singular. If this new organization is in reality the great "Methodist Episcopal Church proper," whence this conscious weakness? Let not our people, let not our ministers be deceived upon this point.

We regret—profoundly regret this agitation and these revolutionary movements. We regret them the more, because they indicate a departure, we speak it in all kindness, on the part of not a few of our brethren, ministers and laymen, from the early position of the Church and even of the Baltimore Conference on the subject of slavery. No one, after reading the resolutions offered and the speeches made in the Convention, can fail to be convinced that it is the aim of the leaders to blot from the Discipline its time-honored testimony against slavery, and then to wheel into line with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. If men leave on this ground, all the Church can say is, "They went out from us, but they were not of us."

OUR COUNTRY AND ITS PERIL.—The present is a dark day in the Republic. In the foreground, disunion; in the background, looming darkly and portentously, civil war, with its horrors and nameless ills. What the end shall be none can tell. Yet the beginning of the end may be realized before these lines shall come to our readers. But amid the fearfulness of the times, we read the working of a Hand mightier than human; and one with great purposes, if we mistake not, to fulfill. Is not God in the whirlwind?

But in the midst of all, the duty of the Government and of the American people is clear. It was never more clear. The Union ought to be preserved at any

and every hazard. Peaceful secession is not possible. The doctrine that it is the *right* of any State to secede, is a libel upon the Fathers of the Republic and upon their work. If such a right exists, we are no nation; there is no great Republic of North America. There are simply thirty-three petty States or Nationalities—aligned by simple treaty. The secession of a single state would be the commencement of the disintegration of this mighty nation, and no one can tell where the disintegration would end. We know that war has its horrors, and that all these horrors are concentrated and intensified in civil war; but there are evils more dreadful than these. He who expects to escape war by letting the fell spirit of secession have its way, is like the mariner who tries to escape shipwreck by letting his vessel drift upon the rocks.

The right to enforce the laws of the United States in the States and Territories has been asserted and maintained from the beginning. It was practically asserted in Boston only a few years since, when the Federal troops were summoned to aid in the execution of the Fugitive-Slave Law. The pretense now that it is without power, is a device that must have originated with the enemies of the Republic.

Let the people be calm but firm. The first and earnest appeal has been made to Him who holds the nations in his hand. Let that appeal still be continued. Abide by and sacredly maintain all the requirements of the Constitution and laws, but at the same time demand that all the States and all the citizens of our common country shall do the same. If the South has demands upon us, so have we upon them. We have a right to demand that our citizens, business men and ministers of the Gospel, unoffending against any law of the land, shall not be compelled to flee for their life, shall not be hung up by a ruthless mob and the murderers go unpunished. We have a right to demand that the African slave-trade—that most fiendish of all the forms of piracy—shall not be reopened under the sanction of the stars and stripes. We have a right to demand that peaceful citizens shall be protected in the Territories. We have a right to demand that the United States Government shall be the friend of freedom and not the propagandist of slavery.

It may be said that this is not the time to urge claims, but to make concessions. We admit that it is a time for scrupulous exactness in awarding to the South all her Constitutional rights, and, indeed, that we should go to the uttermost limit in this respect. But to make further concession than this, or to fail in demanding along with this the recognition of Northern rights by the South as well as Southern rights by the North, would evince a pusillanimity as dishonorable in its character as it would be ruinous in its ultimate consequences. Every dictate of honor, every instinct of noble manhood, and every substantial interest of our great nation in the future, require something besides craven concessions or imbecile compliances.

But we will not yet cease to hope. We have faith in God. We believe his mercies are great, and we yet hope that he will be entreated by his people to turn away from us his wrath and lead this nation as he led Israel of old, through the midst of the sea, and that on the banks of deliverance they will ere long sing their songs of joy and thanksgiving.



HOME, AGAIN.

HOME, AGAIN.





Painted by Dubuffe

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ROSA BONHEUR.

ENGRAVED BY J.C. BRUNE FOR THE LADY'S IMPROVEMENT